YANKEE DOINGS

"Party!-Come on!"

VOL. VIII OCTOBER 1927 No. 10

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

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SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION, $1.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Secretary

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75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

ON THE DOTTED LINE

With this number is a membership application blank.

It's not for a souvenir.

It's for use.

Read "Between Ourselves" on Page 4, and "Double or Nothing" on Page 12.

Then go out and bag your man.

Every member get one new member.

Drive ends November 11.

BOWLERS, ATTENTION!

The YD Bowling League will start operations with a roll-off Friday, October 14th. Prizes for high single, high three, and booby. The first league match is on Friday, October 21.

We have heard rumors that the Engineers are going to be at the bottom of the list this year but "General" BOTSFORD says the rest of you will have to step some to do it.

Anyone who was in the Division is eligible to bowl, so if you know a good bowler who does not belong to the Club bring him around. After we get him in the league we'll sign him up in the Club.

THE RETURN OF MR. NARD

We used to sing "Old Soldiers Never Die"—
And never gave a fleeting thought to why.
But a decade's observation
From my present lowly station
Reveals at last the raisin in the pie.

Old Soldiers sometimes scan the public press
Where the "heroes" that the headlines all caress,
By the count of statisticians
Are a bunch of politicians
And dug-out rats whose records are a mess.

Old Soldiers hung around until a day
Some hero of their picking should hold sway,
Who had played the grand old game
Seeking least of all acclaim—
Yet commanding their unanimous, "Hooray."

And now the town of Wakefield sets the pace,
With Major Eddie Connelly its Ace.
What a party they threw Eddie!
Leaving this old-timer ready
To expire at any time with perfect grace.

—FULLER P. NARD

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED MAGAZINE WILL WEAR

The autumn trend of fashion in magazine covers will emphasize simplicity, snappiness and bright colors.

YANKEE DOINGS has worn the same old suit of outer garments for lo, these many years. Recently, it set up a loud wail for new clothes. Being a kind and indulgent parent, we granted its entreaties.

All of which is by way of presenting our new cover, designed by the illustrious P. O. PALMSTROM.

How do you like it?

YOU WOULDN'T BURN YOUR BANKROLL

The last day for filing application for Adjusted Compensation (Soldier's Bonus) is December 31, 1927. This bonus is in the form of a paid-up life insurance policy, the full face value of which is payable to you in 1945, provided you are living. If application has been made before the end of this year, your beneficiary will receive the full face value of your policy in case of death.

The average policy of men who served in the Yankee Division throughout its entire Federal service is over $1,000.

If you fail to make application, in case of your death, your nearest relative can collect but about one-third of the full amount. Do not allow carelessness or procrastination to cost you hundreds of dollars. Write to WILLIAM SNYDER, Secretary of the YD Club of Boston, 200 Huntington Ave., Boston, for application blank.

No examination to take, no premiums to pay.

Do it now.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

This column started out as a sort of clearing house for inside information. Hence the caption, "Between Ourselves." It was intended as a department where such topics as membership, finances, administration, activities, in fact, any function of the Yankee Division Veterans Association might be discussed and explained. From such original purpose it developed into something more resembling an editorial. Any subject of interest to the service man became grist to our mill.

* * * *

About every conceivable topic from peace to pinard, from statistics to sore feet, and from citizenship to C. C. pills has come in for its share of attention. We've tried to balance the important with the trivial, the serious with the comic, to avoid the pitfall of a stereotyped style; and to uphold YANKEE DOINGS' reputation for diversity, originality, and individualism. So, just for a change, we're going to throw back this month to strictly "shop talk."

* * * *

The war strength of the 26th Division was about 27,000 men, including M. P.'s, buglers, and sergeants-major. About twice that number passed through at one time or another, including General Bamford. Roughly, 600 belong to the YD Club of Boston, approximately 1,800 are members of the Yankee Division Veterans Association. And the former, which is not a puddin', and the latter, which is not a fake, cost respectively five berries and one berry per annum. What's the answer? Or, in the more polished vernacular of our best circles, "How come?"

* * * *

Every problem has its solution, even if it's *"reductio ad absurdum."* (Try that one out on your Browning-Drake.) Let's apply the faultless technique of a G. H. Q. colonel winning the war from his swivel chair. Those birds could out-logic Grandpere Socrates (on paper), but we'll see 'em and raise 'em one. *Imprimis*, there are three groups of YD veterans: those who are aware of the existence of the Veterans Association; those who are not, and those who are aware of it except in such periods of mental eclipse as accompany regimental and company reunions, at which times they are aware of nothing. Being strictly abstemious —except while awake—we do not choose (apologies, Cal) to consider the third group.

* * * *

The second group is sub-divided into those whom the Association may reach but has not, and those whom it is impossible to find. The first group divides itself into those who are members and those who are not. In other words, the non-members are of three classifications: those who cannot be found—these we sorrowfully abandon to their lives of darkness and sorrow; those who have never been approached; and those who know that we—like Lafayette—are here, but who, for one reason or another, have not seen fit to obtain and retain membership.

Next, as to reasons. You couldn't expect a man, while sober, to join something he had never heard of. The only men we have to consider are those who willfully and maliciously stay on the outside. Why? Only four possible reasons present themselves: antagonism, indifference, carelessness or financial inability. Taking them in turn. There are those who are opposed to joining veteran organizations of any sort, perhaps due to unpleasant war experiences; there are those, unfortunately, who are antagonistic to our particular organization because of some difficulty or misunderstanding. It is the duty of each of us, as loyal members, to change these men's point of view. You know what YANKEE DOINGS is; you who are members of the Boston Club know what a splendid group attend the smokers. You are armed with real selling points. Talk it up.

* * * *

When it comes to the indifferent and the careless, the detail is a soft one. And, yet, carelessness is often more persistent than opposition. When a man says to you, "Yes, I'm going to join, but I haven't got around to it," be nonchalant, light a cigarette, and remark sweetly, "I'll take your jack, you relax and wait for your membership card." It'll save wear and tear on the poor soul's gray matter. Send us his one buck or five as the case may be, and we'll do the rest. Financial inability as a reason doesn't bother us much. A man that won't pay $1.00 a year for a paper that cost $3.80 a year to send to him, will never be a second Henry Ford. How do we do it? Well, we perhaps won't do it much longer. Now's their chance.

* * * *

Resident membership in the YD Club of Boston costs $5.00 a year. There is a $5.00 initiation fee *which is suspended from October 12 to November 11, inclusive.* Last year in a membership drive of ten days' duration, *the resident membership was nearly doubled.* Not all of these newcomers renewed their membership at the expiration of the fiscal year, but the rolls show substantially more names than at the commencement of last year's drive. This year the drive is for one month. We are going to double the membership once more.

* * * *

To sum up. Men living within 15 miles of Boston may join the YD Club for $5.00. This includes membership in the Y. D. V. A. and subscription to YANKEE DOINGS. Men living further away than that may join the Y. D. V. A. for $1.00, or both the Y. D. V. A. and the Club for $3.00.

* * * *

The membership campaign is explained elsewhere in this issue. What we want to say here is just this. Every present member has a definite duty to perform. Each one of you knows the whereabouts of at least five men who are not members. It's up to you to make contact with them. And after that, keep after them. Make their lives miserable.

* * * *

They'll thank you for it afterward.

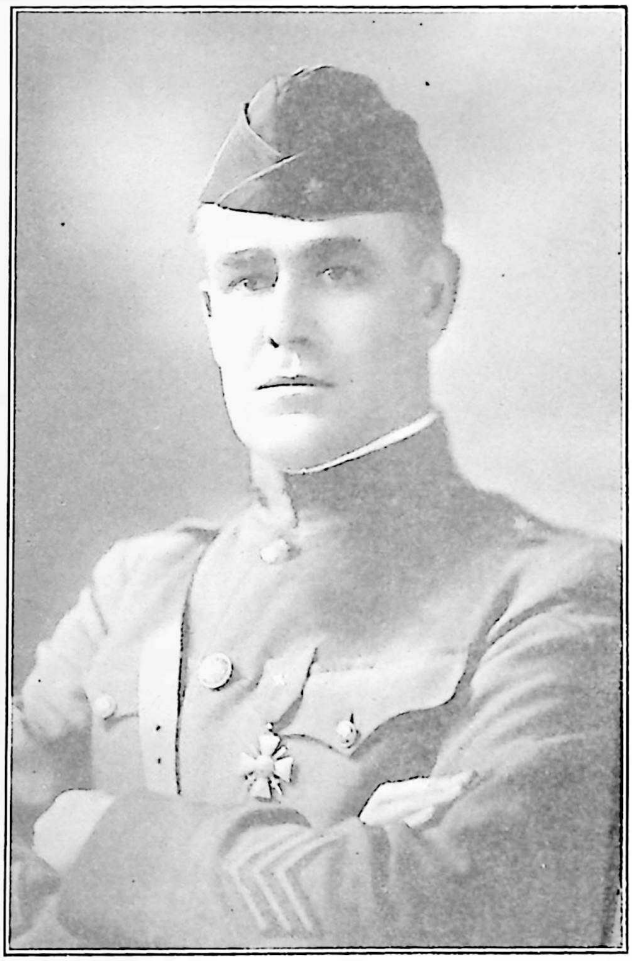
WAKEFIELD HONORS MAJOR CONNELLY

(One of the Yankee Division's real heroes paid deserving tribute by the citizens of his own town.)

Major EDWARD J. CONNELLY (104th Infantry) was accorded such a tribute by the citizens of Wakefield, Massachusetts, his home town, on Saturday, September 24, as the people of New England know how to give to one whose deeds have added glory to their name.

Major CONNELLY'S record is almost too well known to repeat here. A summary of his heroic deeds and many decorations appears elsewhere. But as a spontaneous tribute by those closest to him in everyday life the affair at Wakefield is particularly pleasing.

And they showed their appreciation in tangible ways as well as by cheers and hand-clapping, for at the close of a memorable program the major was presented with a beautifully engraved certified check for $2,000 and a large oil painting from a genuine photograph of the scene at Camp Devens, Mass., on July 14 of this year, when he was decorated with the medal of the Legion of Honor of France by General Passaga of the French Army Corps. There was also $150 in gold which was added after the check had been engraved.



MAJOR EDWARD J. CONNELLY
(104th Infantry)

PARADE ONE OF BIGGEST EVER IN WAKEFIELD

The parade was unquestionably one of the largest and best that Wakefield has had on a military or semi-military occasion—and Wakefield is by no means a stranger to parades and patriotic demonstrations.

Lieut. EDWARD E. HICKEY was chief marshal and Sergt. NATHAN W. EATON, JR., chief of staff. Lt. HICKEY was one of Maj. Connelly's "noncoms" before the war and Sergt. Eaton, who enlisted during the recruiting, was in the major's company in France and received the croix de guerre at the same time.

The Company A, World War Veterans Association, composed of men who were in old Company A when Major CONNELLY left for the front, constituted the personal escort unit and they went to Major CONNELLY'S home on Lawrence Street to lead the motor car in which he and Mrs. Connelly rode.

Besides the platoon of police, the marshal and staff and Selectmen, the other organizations in line were the present military unit of the national guard, Company E, 182d Inf., commanded by Capt. Thomas J. Quinn; the Grand Army, the Spanish War Veterans, the World War Veterans (Corp. Nelson Post, A. L.), the fine members of the Richardson Light Guard, Wakefield High School Cadets, St. Joseph's Cadets, Salem Boys' Brigade, and from Fraternal circles—the Elks, Moose, Knights of Columbus, Eagles, Red Men, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Girl Scouts, Holy Mary del Carmine Society and Holy Name Society of St. Joseph's Church, and Italian-American Citizens' Club and Italian Lincoln Society. The fire department contributed the big Seagrave pumping engine, manned by a squad of firemen. There were two bands, Everett City and Malden Legion, and the Wakefield Fife and Drum Corps.

Thousands of people, young and old, lined the sidewalks along the route of march and frequently applauded the major as he rode with Mrs. Connelly and his former regimental adjutant, Capt. ALEXANDER L KIRCHEIS, who came on from New York especially to see the town pay tribute to his war-time "buddy."

After the marching organizations and spectators had formed on the south side of the decorated bandstand, Harris M. Dolbeare, publisher of the *Daily Item*, who presided, delivered a short introductory speech.

WELCOME FOR THE TOWN

Capt. J. Theodore Whitney, chairman of the Selectmen and one of the three world-war veteran members of the

board, extended the greetings of the town. He said:

"The townspeople of Wakefield have gathered today to pay their homage to a man who has the admiration and esteem of all his fellow-citizens and of men in military circles throughout the State. Wakefield is proud to acknowledge Maj. Connelly as her own and this demonstration today shows in a slight measure only the real feeling of his friends for him.

"Major Connelly has proved himself a true soldier and a finest type of citizen.

"Honors have come to him. His friends hope that some day the United States Government will give him the recognition so justly deserved.

"To me, as chairman of the Board of Selectmen, falls the pleasant duty of giving to you, Major Connelly, the heartiest greetings and respect of the town of Wakefield. May this day give to you as much pleasure and satisfaction as it gives the townspeople of Wakefield, to whom you have brought honor."

The next speaker, Col. Edward J. Gihon, is a past state and national commander of the Spanish War Veterans and was commander of old Company A when Major Connelly enlisted as a private in '98 for the Spanish-American war. After paying a brief tribute to the courage of Governor Fuller as the state's executive, he said:

"PROUD DAY" SAYS COLONEL GIHON

"Mr. Chairman, Reverend Sirs, Major Connelly, distinguished guests and fellow citizens: This is a proud day for Major Connelly and rightly so. It is also a proud day for the Town of Wakefield and the State of Massachusetts. We are met here to give public expression of our admiration of Major Connelly as a soldier, a man and a citizen, and also to show our appreciation for his splendid military qualities and of the honors he has brought to our State and Town.

"I believe it is well to erect memorials of bronze, marble and on canvas, and to sing the praise of our heroes in song and story. These will not only serve as a splendid reminder of our brilliant past but will also serve as a patriotic inspiration to future generations in loyalty to Flag and Country, and there never has been a time when loyalty to our Flag and all it stands for is more needed than today; a time when all men should fearlessly stand in solid phalanx and be counted against any and all who would attempt to undermine the foundation of our Government or would attempt to tear down the structure that we have helped to build up.

"I deem it an honor and a special distinction to be privileged to sit on this platform on this occasion, which will go down in history as a red letter day in Wakefield. I am proud to again meet my old friends, General Cole and General Foley. I am also proud of the honor that has been conferred upon me in being privileged to bring the greetings of our 'Hero' Governor to our hero soldier.

"Now, just a few words on my own behalf. I had the honor to command the Richardson Light Guard which left this town in the Spanish-American War twenty-nine years ago. Major Connelly was then a student in yonder High School and without any solicitation from anybody volunteered his services and served in my company. A quiet young fellow, he never complained, did his duty well, obeyed the orders of his military superiors without question and, as far as I know, has never to this day found any fault with his lot at that time, a characteristic of a true soldier. We all know his record in the last war. It is not necessary for me to repeat. We of the Civil, Spanish and World Wars all agree, however, that he has been all through an ideal soldier and we, his comrades, congratulate him on the credit he has brought to himself and his family, his Town, State and his former comrades.

"And let me as the commander of the Richardson Light Guard in the Spanish-American War greet and congratulate the commander of the Richardson Light Guard of the World War, easily the outstanding military figure of Wakefield of all our wars. You fellows of the Spanish and World Wars used to have pretty strong lungs, particularly when you wanted something. I remember well in the Spanish War one time when the paymaster did not come around at the appointed time and you set up a howl all through the night long—'We want our pay, we want our pay', and your voices were heard in Washington and they sent a paymaster at once and you received your pay. Now, I am going to test your lungs once more to see whether they are all right. I am going to ask you all to join with me in giving three cheers for Major Connelly."

MAJOR CONNELLY RECEIVING DECORATION FROM GENERAL PASSAGA

EDWARDS COULD NOT ATTEND

After explaining that Maj.-Gen. Edwards, war time commander of the 26th Div., and Brig.-Gen. Foote, state commissioner of public safety, could not attend on account of important business elsewhere, Chairman Dolbeare read a message of congratulation and best wishes from Col.

(*Concluded on page 18*)

OLD MAN WAR

By Philip N. Sanborn

I possess but one claim to distinction. I served in the same company with the only man who beat the Army. Completely, definitely, finally and permanently beat the Army. Some did it for a while, but this our hero was of sterner stuff, his victory echoes down the corridors of time as something perpetual and eternal.

Silverstein was not his name, but it will serve. He was issued to us with our second or third lot of replacements. As the group marched into town he was perceived as a little hammered-down runt trailing along about fifty yards behind the tail of the column. His pace was less a step than a shuffle. His face betrayed neither interest, fatigue, anger, fear, anticipation, nor any of the known passions or feelings of humanity. It presented the closest approach to the perfect blank of a piece of white paper that human countenance ever expressed. The sergeant in charge of the replacement detail made no effort to bring the laggard into line in fact, he paid no attention whatever to him.

"Ha-ha," thought we, "whatever ails him we'll soon take out of him in this man's outfit." Which heedless boast only proved how little we knew. This delightful gentleman had the entire A. E. F., the General Staff and the War Department roped, hog-tied, and generally buffaloed. Apparently, all others had given up. Shamefacedly let the truth be told, we eventually did likewise.

Believing him to be unique, the only character of his kind ever to don O. D.'s, we are at some pains to dilate upon his idiosyncrasies which were both unusual and highly diverting. Never was he known to perform any of the duties of a soldier except to dress, undress, sleep and eat. Doubtless, if any emergency or act of God had forced him to dispense with any or all of these activities, his perfect, 190 proof utter indifference would have triumphed to the extent that no one would ever have suspected that his routine had been in the least disturbed.

No one, to my knowledge, in the company, ever heard him speak of his own volition. Yet the rumor spread around that he was a Quaker and a conscientious objector who had been caught in the draft against his will. His scruples against mortal combat must have extended to refusal to conform even to the daily schedule of Army life, for be it killing Germans or peeling spuds, no sergeant was sufficiently powerful, no threat sufficiently terrifying, to induce Silverstein to lift a hand or utter a word.

His attitude never became that of defiance; he was a little harmless appearing oaf. Never did he refuse to carry out an order; he merely stood or sat or lay where he was and did nothing—absolutely nothing. On marches, he shouldered his pack like the rest, suffered himself to be thrust into his place in line, then as the company moved off, he adopted his own pace, regardless of the cadence, the band or anything else, dropped to one side or the rear or wherever suited him best. If he felt like stopping he stopped. Neither threats, physical abuse nor court martial trials had one whit of effect. Apparently, both happiness and unhappiness were meaningless terms to him; billet or guardhouse were all the same, neither evoked a smile, a sigh, a groan or a curse.

Fear was as unknown to this rare bird as every other mortal sensation. Standing, leaning on his shovel, he never used it for anything else, when shells began to drop closer and closer, driving normal men to cover, Silverstein stood on, looking into space, with that wonderfully unintelligent, expressionless face which he alone possessed. Yet he was not loose in the noodle; on rare occasions, so men have told me, he talked sanely and well. It was simply the purest, most serene, unadulterated indifference that ever inhabited mortal carcass.

On one occasion, the sergeant in whose detail Silverstein chanced to be, in despair sent him over to another working party of the same company, just so he wouldn't have to look at him. Uncomplaining, he plodded off. Reporting to the new sergeant he said, "Sergeant Cotie sent me over here. He said you needed help." "My God," thought the sergeant, but all he said was, "You see that pile of dirt. Take your shovel and move it over here," indicating a spot.

In about fifteen minutes the sergeant returned. There stood Silverstein, leaning on his shovel. There also stood the pile of dirt, every grain intact, not a lump moved. The sarge might have raved and torn his hair, but he knew what the outcome would be, so he merely remarked. "Go back to Sergeant Cotie and tell him I don't need any more help." And off he shuffled.

In the Le Mans area, when they were delousing the Division, the rumor was current that the presence of cooties on any man would serve to keep his entire company in France. Needless to say we were keeping after the pests in pretty hot style. The top kick says to Silverstein, "Have you had a bath?"

"No."

"Have you got any cooties?"

"Yes, but they don't bother me any."

"By——, you——, you see that you take a bath, and damn quick."

Did he take it? He did not. But, to paraphrase Napoleon, he had it thrust upon him.

About three years after the war, our old skipper got a letter from Silverstein's mother. The gist of it was that he had been acting queer since the war, and did he (the captain) know anything that might have caused it?

Good night, the poor goof was issued to us queer, or else he was the wisest male human since King Solomon.

And I'll be darned if I know which.

A NOISY PROCESS

A young subaltern was showing his elderly aunt around the camp one summer evening, when suddenly a bugle blared out. The old lady started.

"What's that for?" she asked apprehensively.

"Oh, that's tattoo," said her nephew reassuringly.

"Oh, is it, really?" she said. "How very interesting. I've often seen it on soldier's arms, but I didn't know they had a special time for doing it."

JACK

It has always cost more to put YANKEE DOINGS in your hands than the price received for it. Just at present, the ratio of expense to revenue is most tremendously out of proportion. Some are kind enough to say they think DOINGS is (or are) good. Thank you, it ought to be. You pay $1.00 a year for it. If you are merely an Association member that represents your total dues. If you are a Club member, one dollar of your dues is turned over to the Association for YANKEE DOINGS. And it costs just under $4.00 a year for each subscription!

It has always been our feeling that these things should be discussed frankly. The welfare of our organization is not the concern of the officers alone; it is the concern of every one of us.

For three years the revenue from the sale of YD Christmas Greeting Cards has lulled us into a sense of false financial security. It has made possible the publishing of bigger and better DOINGS, and enabled us to keep a clear balance sheet. This year, for various reasons, the Association is not engaged in the sale of greeting cards. Expenses are going on just the same. What are we going to do about it?

Don't become alarmed. We're not going to ask for charity, nor are we contemplating suspending publication. But, as some bimbo remarked, it is a fact, not a theory, which confronts us. There are three possible solutions. Curtail YANKEE DOINGS, thereby reducing its cost. Increase the price of membership. Discover some external source of revenue. The first and third of these things your officers have decided to do immediately. As to the second, the price of membership will stay the same for the time being. However, we cannot do the impossible, so we wish you would let us know which you prefer, a very, very much reduced YANKEE DOINGS or an increase of one dollar in dues.

The immediate steps to be taken are a paring down and tightening up on expenses, without, if possible, any detriment to the size or quality of the publication, and the increasing of revenue through advertisements and external sources.

These latter are the real subject of this notice. Several things have been suggested. We want to know how you feel about them. In the language of the Freudians, "What is your reaction?"

You have your army discharge. You probably think a good deal of it. We do ours. Yet, most YD men consider it was as great an honor to have served in the old 26th as it was to have been in the army at all. Your discharge, being printed on both sides is difficult to frame. How would you like, for a nominal sum to receive an engraved certificate of service in the Yankee Division, signed in person by the Old Man, General Edwards?

Another thing. Several have inquired as to the possibility of having a book of YANKEE DOINGS' cover drawings printed on heavy paper for sale. It would be an invaluable collection, every picture suitable for framing. If you would care for such a book, please write and tell us.

Any other suggestion is welcome. After all, it's your organization.

The American and the Irishman were out riding together when suddenly the American said: "Now, if the prison had its due where would you be, Paddy?"

"Riding alone!" was Paddy's terse reply.

NOTICE

The Yankee Division Veterans Association is not mailing out boxes of Christmas greeting cards this year. The Association has not given the names of its members to any other organization or firm for this purpose. The Association has not given any other organization or business firm sanction to use its name or to mail cards for sale to its members. The Association does not stand sponsor for the mail order sale of Christmas greeting cards to any individual, whether or not a former member of the Yankee Division, by any organization or firm.

The Yankee Division Veterans Association strongly advises against the purchase of greeting cards from a firm representing that your name was given to them by this Association.

THE BETTER 'OLE

There may be more hilariously funny motion pictures than Sid Chaplin in "The Better 'Ole", but if so, we have yet to see them. This picture was presented at the monthly smoker on September 15, and as usual, played to a full house, overflowing in fact.

When the old Heinie colonel to whom "Old Bill", as a prisoner, was serving coffee, refused sugar with a shake of the head and "Nein," and Old Bill, with a look of amazement shovels in nine spoonfuls, we ceased to be able to see the screen from the tears of laughter.

In addition to the feature picture, WALLIE DAY obtained the latest Pathe news reel, showing the embarkation of the various American Legion contingents for France.

GENERAL SHERBURNE reported progress on the Overseas Memorial. In the absence of Colonel SWAN, who was in France, the meeting was conducted in snappy style by vice-president BILL BROWN.

If you are a smoker fan, better get around early. Seats are at a premium.

THANK YOU, COMRADE

That the YD Club of Boston's valiant struggle to avoid bankruptcy, and its subsequent victory about four or five years ago, have not gone unhonored and unsung is evident from a little article which recently appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, in the department called, "With the Posts of the Legion."

The *Transcript* says:

> "Taunton Post 103, in the current issue of the "The Liaison," bewails the misfortune of prosperity. Owning their own home, yet the post finds itself in the hole financially.
>
> "Sometimes prosperity does bring disaster. Taunton's home was given to them. If they had had to earn it, the same habit of work which earned the home would finance the Post successfully. *The Boston YD Club* had a similar experience, but after a certain awful moment when it looked like bankruptcy, they reorganized, got to work, and today have a sinking fund, a trust fund, and all bills paid off. On September 27, the Taunton Post elects its officers for 1927-28. We recommend that they consult the Boston YD Club and find out how it can be done."

THE CURTAIN FALLS

When the last roll of the 101st Engineers was called, and the regiment became a part of history and of legend, against one name were the tragic words, "Wounded and Missing." Private ROBERT WATT, of F Company, went out with his comrades in the Marcheville Raid on September 26. He never returned. That he was seriously, probably mortally wounded was known. Beyond that, nothing.

PRIVATE ROBERT WATT (F Co., 101st Engineers)

For nine years, at reunions of company or regiment, have been heard the same old words, "Poor Bob Watt, I wonder whatever became of him." Silence was the answer.

A few weeks ago, the metropolitan dailies throughout the United States gave forth one of the most dramatic stories of the war's aftermath. A body, the identification tags still about the neck, had been found. The finder was Sergeant L. H. REDFIELD, First Sergeant of F Company, 101st Engineers. The body was that of Private Watt, one of his own boys.

YANKEE DOINGS immediately cabled Redfield for the particulars. Possibly the cable never reached him, as he was travelling about France. At any rate, we have not heard.

Only one man saw Bob Watt wounded. One man sat by him as he lost consciousness, probably passed away. This one man made oath to the soldier's death, and enabled his grief-stricken parents to obtain his insurance. This man was Sergeant GEORGE F. POUTASSE, of the same company.

In the following graphic story, which might, from the power and action of its telling, have been written on the field of battle, GEORGE POUTASSE describes the fatal day. Next month, DOINGS will have Sergeant REDFIELD'S story of the finding of the body.

CHAPTER I

By Sergt. George F. Poutasse (F Co., 101st Engineers)

This is the story of a boy who died as heroically as any soldier ever died; yet strange circumstance lowered a cloud of mystery over his last resting place. He was reported missing; he was reported dead. His parents were informed that he was a deserter, and his pay and family allowance stopped for months, until the officers of his company could cause the report of his death to be accepted.

Can you not feel the anguish of that mother and father mourning the death of their oldest son, killed in the Air Service; and now, Bobbie, all they had left, reported missing and in disgrace? They sold their home in Somerville and went to France to search for some trace of their boy. Can you not see them wandering over the battlefields, peering under the bushes, digging in the shellholes, finding many bodies, but not Bobbie's? After weeks of searching they gave it up. No evidence. Only the word of one man that he was dead. Against that, the War Department, that said he was a deserter.

But one other man knew Bobbie; knew the heart of him, and knew that only death could keep him from the call of duty. And returning to France with the Legion, nine years later, L. H. REDFIELD, Bobbie's top-sergeant, with uncanny precision picked the one spot in all those thousands of acres of battlefields, where his comrade lay sleeping.

Some top-sergeants are like that.

Robert Watt was just an ordinary boy, who did a soldier's ordinary duty. No sudden, frenzied rush into a terrifying situation that brings a harvest of medals and commendations. Just a long slow crawl up the middle furrow of a long field. With the hot "Zing-Zing" of bullets all around and over him. The earth trembling with the exploding shells and enemy aircraft above pitting the ground with a hail of lead.

A boy can think a lot of things in three hours of that. There's mother and father, and Bill. Bill's dead now. And the boys back home in Somerville. Never again, perhaps. And the instinct to save oneself,—that is the first law of nature; that must be suppressed. He must go forward. He must controll his instincts and his fears. He was only a boy, but the Scriptures say "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

To tell the story of that day one must begin the night before; when Bob stood in line with many others of the 101st Engineers to have his gas mask tested, and be inspected for identification tags and equipment. They were divided into groups of ten. Each group, beside the equipment of an infantry man, carried a bengalore, that huge bomb, like a flattened stovepipe, twelve feet long, and filled with high explosive, wire-cutters, hatchets and other tools of the engineer. They were detailed to go over in the morning,

each group with a separate platoon of infantry. There were a few minutes for mess, and then a swift scramble in the wet darkness up the side of a steep hill to the infantry post of command for orders. Then another scramble down the other side following a narrow gauge railway that was minus a sleeper now and then, causing many painful shin-bumps. Zig-zagging across one end of the plains of the Woevre they came at last to a ravine, fringed with alders, at the bottom of this ravine ran a muddy little brook. Here they halted. It was midnight. This is H position. There must be no noise were the orders.

But there was noise. An American patrol on the German side of the brook got mixed up with a German patrol and a small war was going on in an instant. Then there were wounded to be rescued, and Bob was one of the first to cross the brook and search for them. He helped to bring in one badly wounded man, floundering waist deep in the water and mud of the brook on his way back. The rest of the night he must lay quietly on the ground, wet and quaking with the cold. He was glad when the first gray of dawn brought the order to advance.

His detail was with the 4th platoon of A Company, 103d Infantry, and it was the misfortune of that platoon to have to advance across a long open field. At the end of that field was a low ridge covered with trees and bushes, with many stone buildings and walls among them. This was the German position. In the bushes their machine guns were hidden. The buildings sheltered their riflemen.

Terrible was the advance across that field. Officers, seeing how hopeless it was, decided to mass the men in a fringe of woods on the right of the field and make a flank attack on the strongpoint. Runners came on the field and called all the infantry excepting one squad into the shelter of the woods. Anxiously the Engineer sergeant asked if he couldn't take his gang there too, it looked so much safer. "No!" was the answer; "Stay where you are!" Bobbie heard and with narrowed eyelids and a tightened grip on his rifle continued to crawl up the field. His party must draw the enemy's fire while the flanking party rushed the stronghold. After all, it was the better job. The flanking party all perished.

The sun rose above the trees behind the enemy's strongpoint. Through the smoke and mist it looked huge and red as blood. No need to hurry, the enemy must be kept busy all day. Flattening out when the bullets whizzed; shooting hard and fast when an enemy showed; rushing a few yards when the sergeant signalled; that kid was a soldier.

A doughboy who would, in spite of frequent warnings, shoot from a kneeling position as if at target practice, went down, one arm and leg shredded by machine gun bullets. Bob helped to bind his wounds. The Engineer sergeant cut his fingers opening the first aid kit. Together they pried the bandage out of the tin can with a bayonet and tied up the soldier's wounds. The finished job looked like a blood and mud poultice. Oh War Department theorists! Had you ever bandaged a man under fire, you would never have soldered the bandages up in metal cans.

"Can you get to the First Aide Station alone, boy?" asked the sergeant. "Shure Oi can!" said the doughboy in the brogue of that nation that loves a good fight.

God knows if he did!

Sergeant Potocki was an Engineer gas non-com. He came along armed only with a pistol to see the fight. Noticing the alarming shortage of buck privates, he picked up a discarded rifle and some bandoliers of cartridges and gave a wonderful exhibition of what a buck private should be.

The sun was high when Bobbie, Sergeant Potocki and the Engineer sergeant found themselves in a shell hole far in advance of the scattered remnants of the fourth platoon. The furrow had ended and now they must find shelter where they could. It was agreed they couldn't stay there, the hole was too small. They couldn't go back. If they could only get to the ridge they would have at least an even chance with the Germans. The sergeant poked his head up looking for depressions in the ground ahead. Then he got a signal to go back. "Is that an order?" he asked. "Yes! Abandon the field at once!" He told Bobbie. "All right, sarge, go ahead!" said he. "You little son of a gun," thought the sergeant, "you were ahead in the advance but you want to follow in the retreat." Besides, he knew the first man out had the best chance. "Run back to the furrow, Bob, and crawl straight back," ordered the sergeant. Back he ran, but not toward the furrow. Diagonally across rising ground toward where the third platoon were hidden among the trees and bushes. But that rising ground was raked by the cross fire of two machine guns; angry spurts of dust marked where bullets hit the ground around him. He ran on and on. Too long! He should take cover. Then he crumpled and lay still.

Sergeant Potocki had already gained the slight shelter of the furrow and had gone back. He didn't know that Bob was hit. In three short rushes the sergeant reached the side of the fallen soldier. "Where are you hit, Boy?" he asked. "All over; all over!" he replied. Sitting up, the sergeant turned the boy over onto his lap to open his raincoat; again the infernal chatter of the machine guns. Bobbie started and stiffened. "Don't leave me, sarge," he said; then in a faint whisper something about "mother" and his head fell back.

The sergeant put him on the ground and lay down beside him. Suddenly he felt very old and tired. How long he lay there he doesn't know. The warmth of the sun felt good and the blue sky seemed very near. In the grass were many small blue flowers, something like our New England asters that blossom everywhere at home. It was not so bad to die for the best country on God's footstool. Even if you were very young, like Bobbie. So many millions live and die for no particular reason at all.

Now what are those Germans doing over there. A long file of them hurrying down the fringe of woods where the flanking party had gone up a few hours before. "Bobbie, you've got to be taken out of here; but you're not going to be dragged through the mud and worms like you came up. You'll ride out on a stretcher as you deserve," and looking him over once more for signs of life, the sergeant left for the dressing station.

The dressing station was a long way off and on his way he thought, now if I ask for help to get a dead man!—they'll say dead men can wait, but if I say a badly wounded one the whole works will turn out to help. But it didn't work out that way. The bearers were all out, there was not even a stretcher to be had at the station. "I'll send the first one that comes in after him," said the medical officer. A half hour after the sergeant returned to inquire, and was told, "An engineer was brought in, but he was dead." "Yes, of course," said the sergeant and went back to report to his captain.

(*Concluded on page 20*)

WHO KILLED THE PIG?

By Everett H. Caswell (101st Inf.)

The September number of the YANKEE DOINGS had a story under the heading "Fresh Pork" which brought to mind another pig who also went into oblivion through the fresh pork route.

In the latter part of November, 1917, our program of training called for much target practice, but the only target range we had was the side of a hill that we fired into; tin cans served as targets. This hill was some 150 yards from the edge of the town, with the firing at a left angle. The nearest building to this rifle range was an old mill, made interesting by the fact that it served as my billet.

On this particular day, I was not on the range, but passing away the time by washing some clothes in the mill stream that ran through the town, and also back of the so-called rifle range. I had been busily engaged about fifteen minutes when my attention was distracted by a sound then unknown to me. At first, I thought it was a bee, but figured that this must be some kind of a French bee whose speed far exceeded that of the American kind. I dismissed the thought from my mind and had just got back to the family wash when another bee, followed by some few more, went by and when the last one hit the old mill with a thud that clicked out a piece of plaster. I decided at once what kind of bees they were and beat a hasty retreat into the mill. Two thoughts ran through my mind at once. Was somebody trying out their marksmanship on me? or was someone down there on the range cock-eyed that bullets would be coming at a right angle? I could hear the bullets hit the mill every once in a while, in fact so frequently that I came to the conclusion that half of the gang must be cock-eyed. Having made myself scarce, I knew now that I was not the target.

I finally got up enough courage to peek with one eye out of the window to find what it was all about, and to give the signal, "Cease Firing," when right there and then I found out the answer.

Peacefully rooting around and unconcerned of the fact his minutes on earth were numbered was the prize pig of the town. "Foolish pig," I thought, "why don't you beat it?" Not knowing the French pig call or whatever they did to call them, I decided it best to try to scare him. So I tried everything from a noise like a barking dog to that of a bellowing lion but he only continued to root harder and grunt louder. As about thirty shots had already come my way and the pig still lived, I began to wonder what kind of marksmen we had and started to lose faith in our chances of winning the war. I decided if he was hit it would be by accident. Just about this time I was reminded of the fact that I had been unconsciously exposing myself (and I, not the pig might get shot) by a bullet that hit about a foot from my head. It didn't take me long to duck. When I finally got courage to peek again the pig was on his back, giving the last few kicks that only a pig can give before cashing in.

"Oh boy," I thought, "there will be fireworks now," and there sure were. As the bullets no longer were coming my way, I went outside, in fact, I decided to go over to the other side of the town before the bomb broke. Then I could have an alibi when the fireworks started. I was just going up the street when the Frenchman who owned the pig started my way. I have never found out yet, how he got the news so quickly, but he sure had it. I never thought it possible that the frogs could run fast with wooden shoes, but this one was beating all speed records and he interested me, not only by his running, but by the size of the knife he was carrying. I came to the conclusion right then that he was going to do a little carving on someone and that he might not be particular who, so I turned around and beat a hasty retreat. He may have been traveling, but I was traveling faster.

I made the old mill in nothing flat, and grabbed my rifle to defend myself, when the frog and his butcher knife entered. After waiting some five minutes (and during this time I sure was on the alert) and the frog did not come in, I decided that he had continued down to the range where he could get more revenge. I looked out of the window to see what was happening. Much to my surprise the only harm he was doing was sticking the pig to bleed him. The news travelled quickly. The officers of the companies were on the scene shortly, and I decided it was best to remain where I was. Boy, that Frenchman could talk fast and by his actions, it was easy to tell just what he was trying to convey. About this time an interpreter came upon the scene and the loud talk and the wild gestures of the Frenchman quieted down somewhat. The whole gang on the range were assembled and I could easily see that a third degree was going on. After some little while, the gang started drifting my way, and as no one seemed to be under armed escort, I came to the conclusion that the guilty party or parties, were still at large. When the first of the gang came into the mill I asked what had been done and was told that they were unable to find out who was responsible, and the matter was going to be reported to the battalion commander for his action, as the frog wanted information *toot sweet*.

That night we learned what action the Battalion Commander had taken and was informed that inasmuch as the guilty parties could not be found, both companies would pay for the pig to the tune of five francs apiece and that the pig would become the property of the two companies—which it did, or at least, one of the companies, because one of the companies had fresh pork the next day and the other one did not. I have never learned just what happened. Both companies paid. One company got the pig. The other, none.

This incident was the general topic of the town, in fact, when men from either of these companies meet today, this is usually the greeting, "WHO KILLED THE PIG?" The real truth never has been found out, and is one of the unsolved mysteries of the war.

A small nervous fellow walked into the grocery store. "I want all the rotten eggs you have," he demanded. "What do you want with stale eggs?" asked the clerk. "Are you going to hear Savage speak at the contest to night?"

"S-sh-sh," hissed the buyer nervously, "I'm Savage."

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

"The melancholy days are here, the saddest of the year." But not for the YD Club of Boston. On October 12, old Christopho Colombo is reputed to have discovered America. What a kick he must have got out of Tex Guinan's night club. On October 12, anno domini 1927, BILL BROWN and his band of husky cohorts sallied forth to discover why every YD man within 80 kilometers of Beantown is not a member of the best and only YD Club of Boston.

From October 12, the anniversary of Chris's big night, until November 11, the anniversary of the discovery of delousing machines, this our little Club is engaged in doubling its membership. Last year we almost turned the trick in ten days. This year, with thirty days, it ought to be easy. The $5.00 initiation fee is removed for that period, and five iron men is the price of a nice white membership card bearing the true signature of our illustrious BILL SNYDER. YD, as you notice, is his middle name.

BILL BROWN, the hustling 1st Vice-President of the Club is "Colonel" of the recruiting forces and has assembled a corps of fast workers to help him out.

The biggest $5.00 worth this side of Yaphank. Do your part. Prizes will be given to the men bringing in the most new members.

Only one feature is troubling our usually serene state. How the heck are they going to pack in the smoker crowds this winter?

ENGINEER HISTORIES

The History Committee of the 101st Engineers reports that it still has on hand approximately 600 copies of "The History of the 101st Regiment, U. S. Engineers." This is a book which many YD men in other regiments would be interested in owning, or perhaps, those who already have one might like to give one as a Christmas gift to a friend or relative.

Get in touch with FREDERIC HEWEY, care of Westpoint Manufacturing Co., 93 Franklin St., Boston.

ONE LONE SQUAD WHOOPS IT UP

When the American Legion goes to Paris, it's front page stuff for the Metropolitan dailies. When a Division holds a reunion, the home town papers give it good space. Even a regimental or company reunion can get a column or a paragraph. But, when one lone squad whoops it up, only YANKEE DOINGS gives a darn.

This particular squad happened to be of F Company, of the Engineers. It was a great squad. Not because we were in it, but in spite of that. One of its members contracted measles in Southampton, England, and the rest were placed in quarantine for two weeks. The rest of the regiment went on to France, and some of the escapades and depradations of the seven outlaws left behind to the tender mercies of the Marines, and King Jarge, God bless 'im, have already been immortalized in these pages.

September 24, marked the tenth anniversary of the departure of the Engineers from Boston for France. It was decided to throw a party, one with a strictly Southampton atmosphere.

The Hotel Statler, to the great surprise of those of us capable of surprise, granted us the use of a private room. We entered the lift, bearing cartons of Arabia Dry Ginger Ale and other things. Yes, DOUG MACPHERSON was one of the number.

The table was adorned with a regulation iron hat upon which an issue candle burned brightly. Anyone desiring the floor was obliged to don the helmet, candle and all. Drinks were served in regular army mess cups.

A toy stove, in memory of that historic piece of ironmongery which was purloined from the outskirts of Southampton to comfort and warm our tent, occupied a place of honor, and was kept in action by filling it with bits of paper torn from an issue of the *London Times*.

BOB MILLAR and AL DAY entertained as of yore on a pair of "mouf organs" to which the rest of us sang all the old songs.

Other members present were DICK JOHNSON, BILL WALKER, GEORGE BARCLAY, CHARLIE DAVIS and PHIL SANBORN, CHARLIE BURNELL, whose home is in Bridgton, Maine, was unable to be present.

As a souvenir of the occasion, each man was presented with a card bearing the inscription, "Loyal Order of the Southampton Rest Camp, 1917-1927," and the name of the man. In the center of the card was an aperture in which was fitted a real English penny or "clacker."

It was a great party, even if there was only one squad.

—P. N. S.

CARROLL SWAN DECORATED

Talk about "bearing his blushing honors thick upon him," CARROLL SWAN will soon have to requisition a trailer to transport his trophies and souvenirs.

His latest honor consists of the award of the "Richard Byrd Medal for Merit," bestowed upon him by the Military Order of the World War.

FR. FARRELL TO THE RESCUE

CHARLES E. JENKINS (103d F. A.) was killed by a truck in France. There seemed to be some doubt as to whether he had made application for insurance before his death. No record of such application could be found. In the early days of settling down in France, some of the paper work was in pretty chaotic condition. At any rate, for lack of positive proof, the Veterans Bureau felt obliged to contest the claim of Mrs. Anna M. Jenkins, the boy's mother, who has been pushing her case ever since, and has recently taken it to the United States District Court. It seemed that in order to establish the claim, it was necessary to have the word of some officer of the organization that he knew the deceased had taken out insurance.

FR. WILLIAM J. FARRELL, who was Chaplain of the 103d Field Artillery in France, read of the case in the daily papers. He recalled all the details of the case and wrote to Mrs. Jenkins' attorney: "I know that Jenkins applied for insurance a few days before he was killed." On September 9, the case was called in Providence, R. I., and Fr. Farrell appeared as a surprise witness.

If a ruling is given in favor of Mrs. Jenkins, it will, according to Veterans Bureau officials, establish a precedent which will permit the Bureau to award insurance to more than a score of mothers.

All of which proves that Fr. Farrell is still fighting for the boys.

THE TOUL SECTOR TODAY

By Edwin L. James

Correspondent of the *New York Times* with the A.E.F., 1917-1918

(Reprinted from The Boston Herald)

Those Americans who in the first part of 1918, while Gen. Pershing was waiting for the arrival of troops from America held a slice of the front on the south side of St. Mihiel salient, will never forget Mont Sec.

The big events of the latter half of the year blotted it and its environs from importance, but in the muddy waiting of the cold winter and spring when the 1st division and then the Yankee Division occupied the line up north of Menil-la-Tour, running just the other side of Beaumont and Seicheprey, Mont Sec was something of moment.

Every supply train that went up Dead Man's curve, every movement in Mandres, in Ansauville and Flirey could be seen by the German observers on top of that big hill from which the enemy artillery fire was directed.

It was the bete noir of the Americans in those first days. It stood as a monument of the German strength, as something which loomed, then representing what seemed to be the mighty task of driving the Germans back where they came from.

Today I climbed the 250 metres to the top of Mont Sec. Standing atop it, I realized that beneath was the honeycomb of subterranean works which once held 5000 troops.

IRON CROSS STILL VISIBLE

Over on the north, then, was the moving picture theatre which the Germans had built during the four years they had held it. The French have dynamited the entrance, but the tons of earth that slid into the entrance left uncovered the big iron cross in cement which marked the big door. Scattered about the crest of the hill are deep holes which look like wells. They were shafts up which the German observers mounted from the bowels of the earth to spy on the American troops. There down at the bottom of the north side are the rows and rows of the gun emplacements from which the cannon our men could not see shelled to the southward.

Every now and then there is an immense depression where the roof of an underground chamber has given way. The whole south side is still potted with shell holes, marking the angry retort of the Americans to the menace which Mont Sec represented.

Looking southward from the crest of the hill one sees what the Germans used to gaze on in the days when the 1st division took over, in January of 1918, the initial active sector held by American troops. Over there to the left is Seicheprey, of sad American memory. A little closer is what remains of Richecourt and then of Xivray, and straight in front Beaumont and Bernecourt.

One can make out in the clear sunshine Mandres and Ansauville, while off in the distance rises the tower of the Mairie of Menil-la-Tour of muddy fame. Bright red roofs have replaced the old dull thatched roofs, and the bright white walls of the new houses stand out in perfect relief. Woods balk a view of St. Mihiel, over to Tirhoc to the right, but Apremont is clearly in view.

Down on the southern slope one notices thousands of blackberry bushes growing on the edges of shell holes, with here and there a stumpy tree loaded with red apples, the fruit of the comeback of the hardy stumps left by the devastating shells.

GRASS REPLACES MUD

Nothing much has been done to Mont Sec since the war ended. Nature has covered with grass where only mud used to be, but man has left it alone. It never was worth much anyhow, the natives inform me, and with unexploded shells filling the ground, it is not worth bothering with now, they say.

It seems to me that it would be a first class site for an American monument as at Montfaucon.

But how pathetically the inane hill looks today compared with what Mont Sec meant in 1918. There is not even a road up its sides, the old German having been blown so full of holes that it was not restored. It is reported that the Americans have a project to make it possible to see the top of the famed hill without the half hour's steep climb, which apparently none of the Legionnaires attempted.

The American troops never had to undertake the formidable job of storming Mont Sec. In September, when the St. Mihiel battle started, the French troops moved under the cover of the woods through Apremont and Woinville on the west, while the 1st division, put back into the line where it first went in January, went in through the Bois de Mort Mare on the east side of Mont Sec until they pinched out Mont Sec.

FELL WITHOUT A FIGHT

The Germans left the day before and Mont Sec fell without a fight, its proud menace proving worthless when the test came. Several guns were captured, but the enemy had got most of them off their bases in the few days preceding the Pershing attack.

Before climbing Mont Sec I made a tour of the little villages south of which seemed covered with much glamor in the days when they were on the front.

Down at the bottom of the hill on the east side there rises now the reborn village of Mont Sec with its new concrete church that does no credit to its architect. A bent, old man said there were 160 inhabitants where there had been 300 before the war.

In Loupmont and Apremont the same story was told. Gradually the villages are coming back, but now they have about only half the inhabitants of the pre-war period. It was striking how that percentage of 50 held, in a dozen villages just about half the inhabitants had come back.

In Seicheprey there were 80 inhabitants where there had been 150. There stands the bright new white church in the yard of which stands the fountain built as a monument to the 102d infantry.

1ST DIVISION MONUMENT

In the field eastward from Seicheprey is to be found the most original war monument the Americans left in France. It records that the 1st division held that sector from January to the first of April, 1918, and under that is the date of Sept. 12, 1918. The monument is about four feet high, made of concrete, into which are imbedded two rifles, 20.77 German shells and machine gun clips, while it is topped off with a steel helmet half buried in the cement.

Vandals have pulled pieces of it away, but in the main it stands as put there by the men of the 1st division after they had seen the retreating Germans go out of sight over the hills to the north. It ought to be preserved. It is more beautiful than the shiny marble shafts.

Apparently before the cement was dry, one doughboy wrote his name in it. It is still there: "Ray Armstrong."

Beaumont, where there used to be regimental headquarters, has come back about half way, but about half the ruins still remain. To the north of it remains half a hundred trenches which have not been filled up.

Mandres is as ugly as ever. Only about half destroyed during the war, it has now been considerably mended. I noticed that Ansauville still has its mud and probably it always will have it.

Further down the road there stands Menil-la-Tour, once division headquarters, and then the corps post of command. The old house which Gen. Bullard used for his headquarters now has a new red tower. It looked dismal and deserted when one recalled what a lively place it was in 1918.

Looking back northward from there, one could see Mont Sec looking from that distance just about as it did nine years ago when it seemed a tough proposition. Then it symbolized German military might. Today, therefore, perhaps it's right enough that it seems useless and forsaken—for the time being.

IT'S READY!

The History of the 102d Field Artillery is now ready for distribution and it's a "Knock Out."

Members of the Regiment, who were optimistic enough to subscribe in advance, will find that the completed volume will exceed their most sanguine expectations.

It is handsomely bound in artillery red and gold, full of pictures of members of the regiment, and places wherein they were deeply interested. It contains the record of citations and awards of both United States and French decorations, as well as a complete roster which contains the name of every man who ever served in the regiment. There are six wonderful maps covering each sector, showing all battery positions, etc., reproduced from original battle maps, which will prove to be of absorbing interest to every artillery man who served in those regions.

As every one who sees this volume will readily appreciate, it has been costly to produce and no profit is expected at its price of $5.00. The edition was privately printed for subscription by the Veterans Association of the 102d F. A. and is, therefore, limited. There will probably be no other edition. It is suggested that those interested should promptly send a money order or check for $5.00 made out to the order of the 102d F. A. Veterans Association, and mail it to the Lawrence Press, 797 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Be sure to give the address for mailing and book, or books, will be shipped by insured mail. The distribution will be materially aided if the various Battery Associations will order their copies as a group rather than as individuals.

A 100% GUY

YANKEE DIVISION Veterans Association

Buddies:—

Your answer to my recent letter to hand a few days ago and I sure appreciated it to say the very least. To be able to get in touch with some of my former Buddies Over There has been a desire in my heart for a long time and when your letter and the copy of the YANKEE DOINGS reached me I didn't eat supper till I had almost devoured every word of YANKEE DOINGS. Many thanks, again, Old Timers.

Now the next thing on my mind is to be a member of the Y. D. V. A. and the Signal Corps V. A., and I wish you would please send me the address of the Secretary of the latter so I can send in my membership fees for both the YD and Signal Corps Associations. At the next meeting of our Legion post here I am going to ask if there are any more members of the old YD around and I sure am going to get them in touch with you fellows if they haven't already done so. I hope some day to be able to come to Boston and see some of you fellows.

I want to place an order for a copy of the book "New England in France" and your Sales Department can send it to me at the above address C. O. D., plus any extra charges there may be. Later on I will get the other book, also. The watch fob and lapel button I will order when I send in my membership, after I hear from you again.

Has the Signal Corps Association any kind of a book on its work in France? Have they a printed roster of the organization there, also? I would appreciate any information at all about my former outfit and would appreciate also, anything else that they can tell me about the fellows that were in the outfit when we left Neufchateau, France, for the Soissons front and afterwards.

Again thanking you for your kindness and patience with me and trusting you won't think I am a —idiot for asking all these questions, etc., I am,

Yours for the Good Old YD

—R. L. VON STEINEN (101st F. S. Bn.)

Memphis, Tenn.
September 9

GUIDE TO THE BATTLEFIELDS

We have it on the authority of RALPH EASTMAN, that no man will regret 75 cents spent for a copy of "A Guide to the American Battlefields and Cemeteries."

Write to the Superintendent of Public Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. It is a book which every ex-soldier ought to have.

OVERHEARD IN THE LOBBY

Returning Tourist: "Yes, I was in Paris this summer, but I decided to return before that wild bunch of roughnecks came over."

Ex-Doughboy: "Yeh? History repeats. You did the same thing in 1917."

THE DOC ROAMS ABOUT

By Lieut. Schuyler Waller

Lieutenant Waller commanded the 101st Engineer Train during its entire period in France. At present he has a dental practice in Lowell, Massachusetts. He tells here of his recent trip to the Scandinavian countries.

Norway is a land of majestic mountains, of waterfalls, of glaciers and fjords. The deep fjords of Norway, with their high, precipitous walls, make wonderful natural harbors. There are places where the walls of the waterway seem almost to touch each other, leaving scarcely enough room for the big steamer to slide through. But she does. Above, one sees a little patch of farmland here and there—of all shades of green at this time of year, each with its charming house, with yellow and red-tiled roof.

One arrives at Bergen, an ancient city dating its formal existence from the year A. D. 1070. Here are flowers in abundance, and in variety, along the streets and in the gardens. High up on the mountain side are beautiful homes, with terraced gardens, and with an occasional natural waterfall lending its picturesque touch. One needs to exert only a bit of historic imagination to hark back to the days of the medieval kings, to hear again the minstrels and skalds, to see the sun obscured by a storm of arrows (that is, if you can be said to see anything that is obscured), and to behold the Viking ships riding the waters of the fjord.

That's imagination, of course. What one actually sees is the fish market, which I found very interesting. The fishing peasantry wear, for the most part, their picturesque parish costumes—so quaint and colorful. They sell their eels and flounders alive. Mackerel and cod are abundant. From the fish market, a few steps away, I took the cable railway to the top of Floien mountain; and from there the view of Bergen, with its fjords, red-roofed houses, islands and lakes, is simply beyond description. At sunset, which is 11 P. M. in summer, there is still light enough by which to read a newspaper. With the moon high in the sky at the same time, the view completed my dreams of Norway, with its gorgeous summer sun and moonlight at the same time! It is easy to see how these surroundings must have inspired Edvard Grieg, and have influenced the compositions of Ole Bull, the great Bergen violinist and composer and founder of the National Theatre of Norway.

By train I went to Voss. I observed many fine farms and orchards, beautiful lakes and snowy mountains on the way. Many of the mountains seem to rise thousands of feet abruptly from the railroad tracks, their austere majesty charmingly relieved by cheerful farms and villages nestling at their feet. I left the train at Voss and motored northward to the Sogne fjord, stopping en route at the Stalheim Hotel, famous all over the world for its magnificent view up the Noerdal canyon. Several high, lacy waterfalls drop from the height of about 4,000 feet. The greens, browns and purples of the changing colors in this valley are broken by a mountain called "The Thumb"—of light gray granite—making in all, a picture that rates among the most beautiful in Europe. After a walk of a mile and a half down to the base of the valley, I was driven to Gudvangen in a "stolkjerre"—a two-wheeled cart drawn by a horse, with the driver perched behind, and the reins passing between the two passengers it carries.

At Gudvangen I boarded ship and changed to another at the end of the Noerdal fjord to travel up the Sogne fjord to Laerdal. The Sogne fjord is the longest in Norway, the sea water running into the heart of the country for hundreds of miles. Perpendicular mountains rise sharply from the water's edge, with now and then a bit of shore or beach beneath, which is occupied by a small town, or perhaps, a home or two, or a mere patch of garden.

From Laerdal I motored over the Norwegian Alps, with their very narrow roads, many farms, numerous lakes and rushing rivers. Snow was still on both sides of the road and glaciers on the mountains were to be seen. In places the road was carved out of the cliffs overhanging the rushing mountain torrents, making this 160-mile ride one that I shall never forget. In other places farms are cleared out of the great forests of spruce and pine, looking like patches in a dark green carpet at a distance.

Finally, we descended into one of the loveliest valleys in Europe—the Valgres. Here one finds fair farms, quite in contrast with the light subsoil seen along the fjords. Oats hay, potatoes and turnips are grown in abundance. Oslo—to give it the modern name—at the head of the Oslo fjord, is a wonder city of about 250,000 inhabitants. It is the capital of Norway. In school we had called it Christiania—but municipal names, as well as times, appear to change easily in these latitudes. Its main street, Karl Johann, has at one end the "Storthing," or parliament building, and at the other, the royal palace.

I believe that one of the most interesting sights in either Norway or Sweden are the Viking ships on exhibition in Oslo. One vessel, splendidly preserved, was built in the year 800—the year when Charlemagne was crowned. It is 65 feet long and 13 feet wide. It was made of oak, and was dug out of the clay in 1903. The crew comprised 30 Vikings, 15 on either side. There are holes in the sides for the oars and a mast designed to hold the square-sail. A huge rudder oar is provided on the "steering" side—the "steerboard" from which I understand that our familiar "starboard" developed. Two such ships have been found to date, and in them were the remains of Viking chieftains, with their arms and treasures buried in their ships.

Here also one may see ancient Viking homes, restored with their original lumber and logs, with low doors that would cause a man of even moderate altitude to stoop to enter—clay floors, fireplaces in the middle of the rooms, huge arms extending from the studs to hold kettles, holes in the timbers to hold fagots for lighting purposes and beds so short that a five-foot man would complain of his inability to stretch out. Yet the Vikings, according to tradition, were huge men, and their descendants support the tradition. In their turbulent days, however, one didn't sleep peacefully, as a rule. The Viking seems to have slept virtually in a sitting posture, doubtless with one eye open and with his weapons at hand, ready for instant defensive

(*Continued on page 20*)

SHINE UP THE OLD BUSS AND BUZZ DOWN THROUGH CONNECTICUT

By "Diablo"

Well, I have been away for a little while and have had little time to drop a line to DOINGS but had enough reminders during my trip down through Connecticut and New York to convince one fully that the "hens are coming home to roost." Recently in a little article I told of my trip up through Vermont and the excellent reception received, and urged my fellow comrades to purchase a marker for their automobiles. I really do not know if there has been a rush for the markers but I do know that some of the fellows I met were a little bit too enthusiastic in their greetings when they saw the YD on my car.

One on the outskirts of New London, in wishing to extend a passing greeting, neglected to watch where he was steering his buss and drove me up on the sidewalk, and then calmly got out and shook hands with me. We carried on a very lively conversation until an officer finally told us that we had better get our cars back on the road and that at the Police Station were a couple of cells with communicating doors where we could decide whether the 104th or the 102nd won the war.

Worcester, a beautiful city, where many of my former comrades live, certainly has a military police force. I saw MICKY WITT and yelled at him, but he was too busy balling some bird out, and my wife called my attention to the fact that I would soon be driving on the sidewalk. I had a drink of Moxie and she was afraid that if they held me up and got a whiff of my breath we all would be in the hoosgow. There is another chap, but I can't think of his name, he certainly is a much better looking police officer than a soldier, all I could remember was his nickname, "Red", but what a husky he is, the type of officer who picks you up under one arm and tosses you into the "Black Maria."

Springfield, the home of the 104th. I wanted very much to see this city and was confidently expecting to meet several buddies down there, also to stop in the YD Garage where I know a couple of chaps, but the Missus was reading the Blue Book and we went over a little bridge and finally came too, down in Stafford Springs, Conn. Well, it was all right, as it certainly is a beautiful ride over nice roads along the banks of the Connecticut River, and we finally pulled into Hartford. Quite a lovely city and very courteous policemen, in the main. I understand a large number of the YD boys are on the force, and thence on toward Waterbury, and up over mountains and down, enjoying the most beautiful scenery possible, until we came to an Inn at Mt. Carmel, N. Y., where a chap named Caldwell has a fine hotel, or resting place for the regular tourists, but for me it was nearly an all night session thrashing over the war again.

Beautiful weather had followed us all the way, and the morning brought forth plenty of water. Yes, it rains in New York as well as in New England. We continued on our way to Poughkeepsie, and then climbed over an excellent road up the palisades of the Hudson, and over Bear Mountain Bridge, regretting very much that the mist was so heavy as to obstruct a clear view of the river, but it certainly is a wonderful span, and one of the attendants on the other side was a YD boy. From him we got directions as to the best road to take to reach Newburg, N. Y. We continued over the Storm King Highway and hoped to be able to go through the West Point grounds, but as they were having Artillery practice we agreed with the guard that we had best detour. On the way we passed a battalion of Cadets on a practice hike and believe me, it was certainly nice to rest easily in a dry car and watch those poor duffers march by with their heavy packs, and old fashioned ponchos through the blinding rain.

We missed Newburg completely by the detour, reached our destination at Goshen, N. Y., at noontime and were ready to take a rest. We saw about everything to be seen in an hour or so the next day, and having completed my business continued on up into Pennsylvania, and then took the Boston post road home.

All in all, this is the best trip I have taken this year, and both in business and pleasure was exceedingly gratifying. I would not be so conceited as to say my little article run some time ago was instrumental in waking up a little of the old spirit, but it was certainly most noticeable on this trip, far more so than up through Vermont and Canada. Well, be it for better or for worse, I shall continue to shine up the emblem, and hope to see many more on the road before winter comes.

MARNE—1927

By Anne Hard

White against the gray,
  Patches on the barn;
Red among the roof-tiles
  By the twisting Marne.
Not another token
Of the hearts there broken.

Gold the standing wheat,
  Green the fallen corn,
Thick the branches meet
  By the twisting Marne.

Do they ever tell here
Of the men who fell here?

Sudden, from on high,
  Birds of peace are caught
Playing in the sky
  Where the war birds fought.

Past the present trysting
Where the Marne is twisting.

THE LIFE SENTENCE

Greene: "Let me shake your hand, dear boy. This is one of the happiest days of your life."

Browne: "You're too previous, old man. I'm not to be married until tomorrow."

Greene: "That's what I say. This is one of the happiest days of your life."

The Brush car, the creation of A. P. Brush, noted inventor, was an early attempt to give the public a low-priced car. It possessed only one cylinder, and wood played a surprising part in its construction. The company advertised that its car had "wooden wheels, a wooden axle and a wooden frame." But one critic called attention to the important but unadvertised fact that "it wooden run."

A RESUME OF SEPTEMBER, 1918

By "Diablo"

As this is the ninth anniversary of the first demonstration that the Americans had arrived in France in numbers to make their presence known, one's thoughts wander back to those hectic days. After that awful rendezvous at Belleau Woods, the American soldier developed from the embryo stage and became more the automaton which seemed so essential to the Allied Armies in order successfully to conduct any military campaign. It is not intended to convey the impression that the American could ever have been held in restraint and become a product of discipline such as the French and English veteran. No, that would be impossible, as the average American doughboy was forever sticking his head into places where "angels feared to tread." Whereas the Allied Armies were seemingly content to carry on the peaceful watching game, the American was out for excitement; and generally got all he was looking for and some more for good measure.

On that cold and misty morning of September 12, 1918, thousands upon thousands of American soldiers lay in open shelters, waiting for the opening barrage to start the *Jerries* on their way back to Metz. The good old "red legs," as they were affectionately called in days gone by, but now with no distinguishing mark save for the crossed guns on ornaments, were on the job, and at the set time began to raise merry hell with the enemy positions. Close on to 5.00 A.M., details were sent out to cut our wire that we might advance at Zero with the least possible delay. At 8.00 A.M. we started our pilgrimage to no one knew where.

Out over a short stretch of muddy ground we went and then down into a deep ravine and up the other side. Close in front rolled our excellent barrage, the boys back at the guns seemed to be trying to see who could drop the most to pave our way through, and what a wonderful job they did do! To the recollection of many it was the most perfect barrage we ever followed. Through a battle-torn country, pitted all around with holes from a 75 to a 12 inch, we advanced, and finally reached the German front line, to find no resistance and plenty of *Jerries* perfectly willing to let the Vaterland take care of itself as long as we assured them they would be treated as honorable prisoners of war. Well the only injustice done them was the removal of all emblems of rank and organization, and what a woeful group it was that started back as voluntary prisoners.

Off to our left were the French troops, and they were meeting with some pretty stiff resistance. They were in open ground in a valley necessitating some very pretty strategy to overcome several machine gun nests which were continually harassing them. The light blue line was considerably thinner when they joined up with us to continue the advance. But brave and courageous to the end, with a swig of pinard and "C'est la Guerre", they swung off again to run into terrific machine-gun fire that melted their ranks into straggling groups. By this time we were closing in around the machine guns, and one by one a single explosion silenced them until the area was clear and on we went.

Down into the reserve barracks of the German lines we advanced, slowing down now and then that contact might be kept on our flanks, sending a steady stream of prisoners to the rear, and overcoming any resistance that came from those damnable machine guns. They were everywhere in the most inaccessible places, necessitating calling on the one-pounders and mortars to dislodge them, but late in the afternoon we reached some open territory and began to move forward quite rapidly. Feeling secure that the enemy was fast falling back and would put up no resistance the men began bunching together and officers and non-coms did not get onto their jobs until it had cost the lives of two boys. As it was on a high plateau a German machine gunner sighted us and shot a burst into us which wounded three and killed two. It was a case of the old, old story which had been so patiently drilled into us, never to group up in an advance under any circumstances, but it certainly served as a wonderful lesson to the remainder. To me it was a lesson never forgotten. It was later used as an example to rookies and perhaps those boys who went West did a duty to their fellow soldiers which should entitle them to the highest honors possible.

Into a wood reeking with gas and broken field pieces we plunged, expecting to meet plenty of resistance bu none came. It seemed as if the enemy had awaited th most favorable opportunity to get us in a box and cut u down. With bursting shells and falling trees, along wit the tangled vines, it was a terrible place in which to be caught with a barrage upon us, but we finally broke through and found shelter in abandoned trenches and gun emplacements. It was now dark and a halt was called for the night. In small groups men were gathered in old machine gun emplacements, out in the open field, and each trying his best to keep warm. Around ten o'clock a light rain began to fall and with only slickers to keep us warm it was a most trying night.

When morning broke we again took up the advance but met with no resistance at all and soon came to the edge of the plateau where we looked down into the town of St. Maurice, our objective. With open arms the natives greeted us, trying hard to believe that they were free at last and it was American troops who were pouring into the town. That venerable old gentleman who killed the pig he had kept hidden for so long, will always remain a pleasant reminder of the day we released St. Maurice from German rule. As we had been leading the advance all the way, up came the second battalion going through us to take up positions on the outskirts of the town, guarding against counter attacks which seemed certain to come. Following them came the third battalion, going into reserve for the second, and leaving us in possession of the town.

Off to the right was a little town much the worse from shell fire, where, it seemed, was a distillery. Off went a group of the boys pulling an old hay rack with which they soon returned filled with kegs of excellent beer. It certainly warmed our bodies and put new life into men who had been on a steady move for 48 hours. Guards were stationed

for the night, but it has always been a mystery where the guards were. I am quite certain that if the German Army had decided to come over that night they would have had a picnic, as from the highest to the lowest in rank, war was forgotten and each was catching up his lost beauty sleep.

Our losses had been quite light, in fact we had a smaller loss in that action than in any later engagement. Then the relief came up and took over the sector and we began plodding back over ground which certainly showed that in certain sectors a bitter fight had been waged to stop the advance. In my home now I have the bugle of a French musician, who gave it to me out of gratitude for a drink of water and assistance to an ambulance. Only a young chap, scarcely out of his teens, but after our little assistance he spoke the fatalistic Frenchman's slogan, "C'est la Guerre." Whatever became of him I know not, as he was badly wounded and the medico expressed little hope for his recovery. He was but one of the many we all knew that became as "ships that pass in the night."

Rest after the victory! Maybe. For some, but not for us. On up into that beastly sector of Fismes, a short stop of a day or so,—perhaps three or four, I do not remember, —and then off for the big show. A rest of a few days close to Haumont Woods and then in the cold and cheerless night we wended our way into the lines again. Men and horses as thick as bees, field pieces, ammunition wagons, supplies, ambulances and God only knows what else was on that road that night. Into the lines awaiting daylight, the crashing thunder of guns from the smallest to the largest, accompanied with the answer, made the night seem a veritable hell on earth. Dawn, following the little tanks through shell torn fields, accompanied by the rat-tat-tat of the machine guns, we made our tortuous way, and then out in front of the disabled tanks—and oblivion for yours truly.

That bloody month of September in '18 will long remain in my mind as the most harassing of all the months spent in France. The remnants who survived that battle were small. Friends and brothers on that day met their Waterloo, the congested medical stations came to a practical standstill in the inability to evacuate the wounded. Yes, much can be written of the Argonne, but no one can imagine the conditions as they were for that week. But as always the American soldier came through with colors flying; so much so that an Englishman made this comment when we were both in the hospital, "You Yanks don't know much about the science of this war, and you only win because you don't know when you are licked." The hard-headed Englishman hated to give any credit, but I took this as a concession that we really were some good.

WAKEFIELD HONORS MAJOR CONNELLY

(*Concluded from page 6*)

Paul J. Norton, also one of the five officers decorated by France when Maj. Connelly received the Legion of Honor.

Mr. Dolbeare then presented Brig.-Gen. Charles H. Cole, commander of the 52d brigade, of which the 104th Infantry and Major Connelly's company were a part.

HURLED BACK CRACK TROOPS

Brig.-Gen. Cole said that not since the war had it given him so much pleasure to attend a function of this nature. He said he had known Major Connelly years before the war and, when he (Cole) was adjutant general of the state, as the commander of a most efficient nature and it was because of this that he selected the major to command Company G, 104th Inf., when there was a vacancy at Westfield before the troops went overseas.

Speaking of the battle of Apremont, where Maj. Connelly first distinguished himself for gallantry in action, he said the U. S. authorities had given it little recognition, but it was really a decisive point in the war, for it was the German army's first attack on American troops and the YD boys, led by Major Connelly (then captain) repulsed three raids and hurled back the crack shock-troops of the Kaiser's best men. Having suffered every time for two years in these raids, the French knew and appreciated the work of the comparatively green American soldiers.

He said that Maj. Connelly was not one to "blow his own horn" or seek the limelight and characterized him as "an ideal citizen, an example for young men, a typical American, a gallant soldier and a loving and loyal comrade."

Brig.-Gen. Thomas F. Foley of Worcester, also one of those decorated with the Legion of Honor, rejoiced in Wakefield's tribute to the major, as evidenced by the turnout, and paid a high compliment to Brig.-Gen. Cole, who, he said, appeared to have been forgotten in the awards of honor. He declared Gen. Cole a splendid soldier.

ALWAYS DID EVERY JOB ASSIGNED TO HIM

From. Col. William J. Keville came the declaration that in Maj. Connelly there was "no finer example of the citizen soldier; a man self-effacing and courageous, one who always did the job assigned to him and who never was given an assignment he did not fulfill."

"I come as a friend and comrade and as president of the YD Veterans Association to pay deserved honor to Maj. Connelly, and the events of today bring pleasure to every man of the 26th Division," he said.

Col. Keville commanded the 104th Infantry ammunition train in France and won the D. S. C. He is now U. S. Marshal at Boston.

LIKENS CONNELLY TO LINDBERGH

Col. Warren E. Sweetser, now of Quincy, was a Stoneham man when he commanded the Sixth Regiment in the days just preceding the war, and he organized the 26th Division mounted military police. He likened Maj. Connelly to Col. Lindbergh in modesty and manliness and said that "today we honor him not only for what he did but for that modesty and manliness and his unassuming character."

Col. Sweetser was given a warm greeting by the old Company A men in the front line of the audience.

Several other men, clergymen, and other prominent citizens added their voices to the chorus of praise of Maj. Connelly's bravery and integrity.

The entire day was one which will long be remembered in Wakefield. It deserves a lasting place in the annals of the Yankee Division.

"Every man give one day's pay"

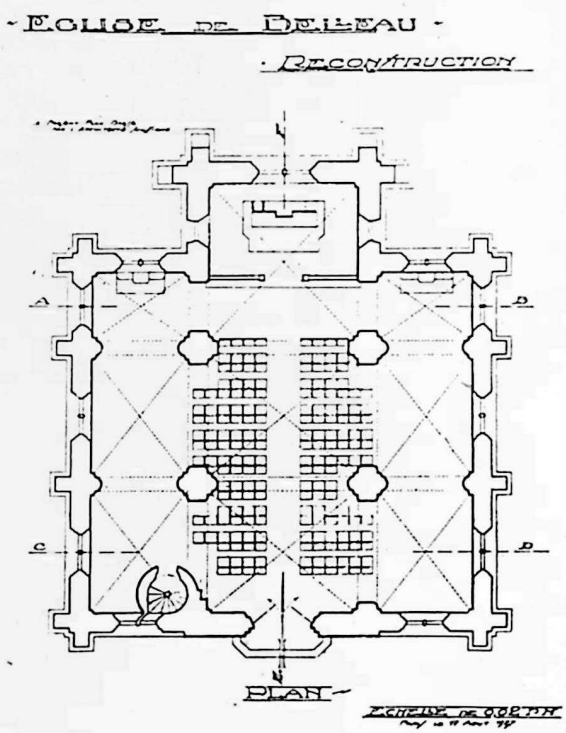
In response to our brochure, a copy of which you have doubtless received, a new impetus has been given the Memorial fund. One man, who prefers to be nameless, has advanced $400.00 in addition to a previous contribution of $100.00. Contributions are averaging $20.00 apiece. Have you done all you can, or all you care to? Don't forget the proposed pilgrimage of dedication. Let's wind this affair up. It's too big and too fine a proposition to fall down on.

There have been several pleasant features connected with the responses. Numerous letters of congratulation have come in; practically 80% of the contributors have included 10 cents or 25 cents to cover postage, showing that they have entered into the spirit of the thing in good old-fashioned style, also several previous donors have sent in additional amounts. Maj. JOHN K. SANBORN showed the results of personal contact by sending in one batch of subscription slips aggregating nearly $200. If each one of us would keep this matter in mind when traveling around or attending reunions a lot could be accomplished.

The following are excerpts from some of the letters received:

MARSHALL C. PRATT writes from Westford, Mass.: "I only wish that my contribution, which is in addition to an earlier and smaller one, might be much larger. Perhaps I can do more later on."

A comrade, whose name unfortunately we cannot decipher, says: "When I received the previous request a year or so ago, I intended to make a contribution but couldn't afford to. Really I cannot afford to do so now, but there are some things which we must do, whether we can afford to or not." This letter was from Cheshire, Connecticut.



ARCHITECT'S SKETCH
OF
FLOOR PLAN
OF
RECONSTRUCTED CHURCH
AT
BELLEAU

d'Estailleur
Architecte

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO OCTOBER 1

	Amt. Received	*Amt. Pledged*	*Total*
Div. Hq. Troop	$1,357.80	$185.00	$1,542.80
101st Inf.	1,089.86	195.00	1,284.86
101st F. A.	3,009.35	206.50	3,215.85
101st Tr. M.	30.00	5.00	35.00
101st Supply Tr.	107.10	45.00	152.10
*101st San. Train	513.40	104.00	617.40
101st F. Signal Bn.	247.10	50.00	297.10
101st Tr. Hq. & M. P.	141.35	30.00	171.35
101st M. G. Bn.	351.29	20.00	371.29
101st M. O. R. S.	9.00		9.00
101st Engrs.	2,473.30	383.50	2,856.80
101st Amm. Tr.	490.15	132.00	622.15
102d Inf.	784.08	176.10	960.18
102d F. A.	1,364.00	182.75	1,546.75
102d M. G. Bn.	738.50	75.00	813.50
103d Inf.	803.40	276.60	1,080.00
103d F. A.	1,117.20	124.50	1,241.70
103d M. G. Bn.	211.10	48.00	259.10

	Amt. Received	Amt. Pledged	Total
104th Inf.	$1,084.80	$182.10	$1,266.90
51st Art. Brigade	488.00		488.00
52d Inf. Brigade	32.33	10.00	42.33
51st Inf. Brigade	128.40	35.00	163.40
Misc.	1,019.00	132.00	1,151.00
Bank Interest	90.85		90.85
	$17,681.36	$2,598.05	$20,279.41

1831 Donors
583 Pledges
2414 Total

*Includes: 101st F. H. 101st San. Train 102nd F. H. 102d Amb. 103d F. H. 103d Amb. 104th F. H. 104th Amb.

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(In addition to those previously acknowledged)

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William M. Scannell
Joseph C. Kennedy
Francis E. Sullivan
James H. Dunphy
Reginald C. Garner
James H. Carter
Jesse C. Farnum
John B. Cummings
Wm. I. Hart
Daniel F. Moran
Francis L. McGrail
Carl W. Zollinger
Joseph J. Jackman
Horace Sutcliffe
John J. O'Rourke
Walter P. Mitchell
Donald C. Kibbe
Ziba C. Keith
T. Russell Barlow
Clayton G. Locke
Arthur J. Frey
Frederick J. Kessler
Wm. S. Buxton
Andrew Gudrangen
Eugene Rotch
Edward L. Lucas
Irving L. Marsh
H. A. Hinckley
Roy J. Cocklin
Levi C. Munson
F. R. Shedd
R. B. Weeden
Warren H. Clifford
Wm. J. Woodbury
Levi D. Leavitt
F. A. Rousseau
John P. Fitzgerald
Edward J. Newby
Harold A. Turner
Hubert McA. Rigney
Lester H. Giles
LeRoy W. Sleep
Roland A. Penski
Chas. Stotz
W. E. Burgess
Robert R. MacDonald
Philip A. LoCascio
John D. Cleary
John J. Healy (Additional)
Lyman Lehburger
Robert L. Barry
Dr. Frank P. Williams
Malcolm Jenney (additional)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

(Concluded from page 10)

The field where Bob lay was given back to the enemy that night. The battle itself was a glorious victory for the allies. Along an eighty mile front the Germans had been swept back for miles, releasing definitely and for all time the German clutch on Verdun. The field where the action described took place was at the pivot where the new line started to swing out from the old. There men must fight on front and flank. Without artillery or airplane support—for the artillery was helping in the drive further up the line—they must keep the enemy's artillery busy, they must stop the enemy from reinforcing their hard pressed comrades; they must stop counter attacks; and in the end, see the ground they had won given back to the enemy.

The job of holding the pivot fell often to the Yankee Division. The kind of men it took to do that work that division had; and the story of Robert Watt excepting the mystery as to where the body lay is the story of countless men in the Old YD.

(See November "Yankee Doings" for the amazing sequel to this story.)

THE DOC ROAMS ABOUT

(Concluded from page 15)

activity. The houses have long, heavy tables, equipped with rude benches. The roofs of the houses are of a layer of slate. then birch bark, and on top about six inches of earth, with grass, flowers, or even sometimes small trees, growing out of it. A rose-colored pattern adorns most of the best of the Viking furniture.

A charming view of Oslo and its environs is available from the Holmenkollen, 1,040 feet high.

(To be continued)

AMERICAN LEGION NOTES

YD POST No. 290 AMERICAN LEGION

At the meeting of YD Post on September 26, Captain "JIMMY" LYNCH (101st F. S. Battalion) gave a dandy talk on "Army Liaison." Some of us may have wondered what the Signal Corps was all about, but those who attended this meeting are no longer in doubt.

Jim—pardon, Captain LYNCH—had prepared charts showing the various means of communication between regiment and battalion, and between battalion and line companies. These included runners, pigeons, telephones, telegraphs, T. P. S., and blinkers, as well as panels used in conjunction with aviation liaison.

He later explained radio range finding and some of the simpler codes used by the American Army.

It was a peach of a talk, and immensely enjoyed by everyone.

ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF YD HEADS LEGION AUXILIARY

On September 22, the American Legion Auxiliary, assembled in National Convention in Paris, elected as its National President, Mrs. Robert Walbridge, of Peterboro, N. H.

Mrs. Walbridge was formerly Miss Irene McIntyre, whom many of us remember, along with her sister, Miss Gladys McIntyre, as the two Salvation Army lassies who served doughnuts at Roulecort and other places where the 26th Division was in action.

Mrs. Walbridge is the wife of Lieut. Robert Walbridge, who served in one of the machine gun units of the Yankee Division. Her sister is now Mrs. Russell A. Harmon, wife of Russ Harmon (104th Inf.), former President of the YD Club of Boston.

The Auxiliary's new president is the daughter of Commissioner William McIntyre, who has charge of Salvation Army work in fifteen southern states. She was under enemy fire 265 days and was twice cited in army orders for courage and devotion "under high explosive fire and gas."

ENVOYS OF GOOD WILL

(Editorial in the Boston Post)

All stories of the Paris convention agree that our good-will veterans have proved themselves to be ambassadors of friendly feeling, and that they have cemented still further the fine relations brought about by the Lindburgh affair.

Instead of weakening that new era of good feeling, as pessimists were heard to predict, the pilgrimage of our gallant ex-soldiers to France has strengthened it. The "vives" and the "hurrahs" are once more intermingled in fine fraternity.

OUR PARIS CONTINGENT

By the time you are reading this, most if not all of the tourist Legionnaires will have returned. As letter writers they have not broken any records, but we have received short notes or cables from a few.

JIM WOOD cabled on September 18, "Hands across the sea. From Paris contingent."

On September 21, CARROLL SWAN sent a radiogram, "Greetings from the boys. Having wonderful time. Wish you were all here. Love."

A card, bearing the postmark September 15, has been received from BILLY MCGINNIS. Bill writes, "Met Piatt Andrew yesterday and was invited to afternoon tea by General Gouraud, a fine old soldier minus a leg and an arm."

By the time our next number goes to press all the boys will be back and we're going to try to get them to write up some good stuff.

THE YD MARCH IN PARIS!

By Allen Eastman Cross

"Massachusetts—there she stands!"
Known and loved in all the lands—
Peasant, poilu still acclaim
Glory to her holy name!

Judge of nations, there she stands—
Room for free-men in all lands!
Room for friends from shore to shore—
Room for freedom evermore!

Marching men, receive your flowers!
They are yours—but they are ours!
God's, the tears—if yours the pain—
Great France, "we are here" again!

BOSTON IN 1930?

Boston seems likely to realize the ambition of its world war veterans to entertain the twelfth national convention of the American Legion here in October of 1930. The initial impetus was given for accepting this city as convention host at the 1926 convention at Philadelphia. At Paris it was renewed. The appeal of the tercentenary celebration here will persuade the Legion, and Boston will doubtless be awarded the convention three years from now.

With a national convention coming here, Legion politicians may very well ponder the chances of a Bay Stater to become national commander. A few of the "old convention war-horses" of Massachusetts might be groomed for national competition. GENERAL EDWARDS, FRANK GOOD, PIATT ANDREWS, CARROLL SWAN, GENERAL COLE, GENERAL SHERBURNE, LEO HARLOW, or any of perhaps a dozen more men, already familiar names in the National Legion, have the abilities and personalities which could attract national support.

THAT PARADE IN PARIS

YANKEE DOINGS is in no sense an American Legion paper, so it is impossible for us to do justice to the events of the past month in Paris. At any rate, the metropolitan dailies throughout the country have covered the entire affair, and probably every vet, whether a Legionnaire or not, has read most of the accounts. The following few paragraphs are clipped from the *Boston Herald*, and give a little of the color and glamor which attended the day of the parade, September 19.

Paris never saw anything like it before. Take a "co-ed" college celebration after the year's biggest football victory; shape it in the style of a national political gathering and in the spirit of an old-fashioned Fourth of July demonstration, add a little bit of circus atmosphere; multiply it by 20—and you have a faint idea of what was the American Legion parade in the French capital this afternoon.

It was impressive; perhaps more impressive than dignified. But to the throngs who crowded the Champs Elysees and the boulevards of Paris it was a revelation.

Brass bands in glorious and in medley costumes; good looking uniforms and awful looking uniforms of all colors of the rainbow; no end of smiling and a million laughs; fat men and lean men; short men and long men; pretty women and ugly women—just honest-to-God samples from every corner of the U. S. A. of 120,000,000.

Ripples of laughter swept doubtful frowns away. The cheering started, and after the first five minutes of the parade had swept into the Champs Elysees with its massed thousands, there was not any more room for doubt that it had achieved a great popular success.

The parade was not what the French expected. They did not expect to see great brass bands dressed in white and gold, in yellow and in black, and in red and purple. Most of them did not know that such things existed. They don't have them over here.

They did not expect to see women in silk here and high heels with rifles on shoulders.

Nor did they expect to see white helmets atop heavy black suits; nor white flannel trousers and 10-gallon hats; nor Indians in feathers. But they saw it all, and they approved.

It would be going a bit far to say that the French crowd got no idea of American might and power from that parade. But, anyhow, we gave them a good show.

NICK GOES HOME

The following letter is from Lieut. Nicholas Stankovich, who served in the Serbian Army, as probably its youngest soldier. He enlisted when under 12 years of age and is now, at 21, one of the youngest, if not the youngest member of the American Legion. He has been in Boston for some time studying and taking military courses.

Members of YD Club,

Dear Comrades:

Before leaving for my country with the American Legion, I want to thank you for your kind hospitality that you have extended to me during my stay in Boston.

With your kindness you made me feel at home in your beautiful club. Your Club was practically my home. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart, and I hope that some day I will be able to prove to you how much I appreciate what you have done for me.

I am leaving for home with a great love in my heart for all of you, and will be proud to tell my people that the Yankee Division is the greatest division, not only in the time of action, but during peace time; that the members of YD Club are greatest comrades that I have met during my stay in this wonderful country of yours. I hope I will be back with you again, soon.

I am leaving you with a great sorrow in my heart because you have been my best friends and comrades.

Au-revoir,

—NICHOLAS S. STANKOVICH
Lt. Serbian Royal Cavalry

September 7, 1927.

MAJOR EDWARD J. CONNELLY

(104th Infantry)

1898 *A Notable Military Record* *1927*

Enlisted May 12, 1898, Company A, Sixth Massachusetts United States Volunteers, Spanish-American War; in action at Quanica, Porto Rico, July 26, 1898; mustered out January 21, 1899; re-enlisted February 20, 1899; continuous service to May 20, 1919; military instructor Stoneham High School four years; corporal, sergeant, first sergeant, second lieutenant, June 10, 1907; first lieutenant, November 22, 1909; captain, September 21, 1914; United States' service, April 6, 1917; transferred Captain, Company G, 104th Infantry, September 30, 1917; overseas, October 3, 1917, to April 4, 1919; First Corps School (Tactical), June 8 to July 8, 1918; assigned instructor 92nd Division to August 28, 1918; Adjutant, 104th Infantry to September 30, 1918; commissioned Major, 104th Infantry, date of September 13, 1918, and assigned First Battalion.

Battles and Sectors—Chemin des Dames, Boucq, Toul Bois Brule (Apremont), St. Die (92nd Division), St. Mihiel Offensive, Rupt, Troyon, Neptune, Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

Severely wounded in action November 10, 1918, at Ville Devant Chaumont; Base Hospital No. 114 Bordeaux to December 20; returned to 104th Infantry, assigned to First Battalion; discharged May 20, 1919.

Twice recommended for Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry in action.

Awarded Croix de Guerre and citation of French 32nd Army Corps for gallantry at Apremont.

Twice cited Division orders. Cited in G. H. Q. Citation Orders No. 1.

United States Army Citation signed by General Pershing.

Awarded Silver Star citation United States Army for gallantry in action, November 10, 1918.

Awarded Croix de Guerre citation diploma from French Government, December 22, 1925.

Awarded United States Accolade for wounded soldiers, 26th Division.

Decorated with the Legion of Honor by Maj.-Gen. Fenelon F. Passaga, War Commander of the French 32nd Army Corps, July 15, 1927, at Camp Devens.

OUTBURSTS FROM THE OLD OUTFITS

G. W. Twombly

(Associate Editor)

101st INFANTRY

"H-er Comp."

The first meeting of the "H Company, 101st Infantry, A. E. F., Veterans Association" of the fall, was held at the Cambridge Armory, on Friday night, September 30th, and a large crowd of the boys were present. Plans were discussed for the year's activities and it is hoped that a more active year than last will be possible.

Plans have been started for our annual pilgrimage to Fall River for our memorial mass, and it is the hope of the committee to have the largest crowd yet. We have been in touch with Father Boucher and he informs us that the people of his parish are looking forward to our coming again this year. He expects an overflow crowd not only at the mass, but at the dinner in the afternoon.

We will have something entirely new this year, inasmuch as music will be furnished by Company H, 101st Infantry Associates Military Band,—something new since last year, and now associate members of Company H, 101st Inf.

The boys of the YD Post who made the trip last year are also looking forward to going again.

We hope very much this year to have GENERAL LOGAN go along with us. He could not go last year due to previous engagements, but promised then that he would go this year.

So make your plans now for Sunday, November 13th, the day of our third Annual Memorial Mass at Fall River.

As far as we can learn, the only members of "H-er Comp." who made the trip to Paris with the Legion are JOE FITZPATRICK and CHARLIE PARRILLE. Both have things to tell that will be of great interest to "H-er Comp."

Met LAUGHLIN the other day and informed him that we had an Association and have had one for the last four years. He promised to get around in the future.

We understand that LIEUT. FLYNN is a member of the Y. D. V. A. and gets DOINGS regularly. He is back in the State of Washington. We hope he reads the "H-er Comp." column and if he reads this, will drop us a line, care of the YD Club, as we are sure the boys would be glad to hear from him.

Capt. GEORGE DAVIS, who has been on detail with the 182d Infantry at Charlestown the past few years, has been transferred from this Corps Area. We sincerely hope it is not permanent, because we will miss him at our meetings, but orders are orders in the army. We always remember him as one of the gamest officers we ever soldiered under, and equally as square. If he reads this issue of the DOINGS, we want him to know that the boys of "H-er Comp." wish him the best of success and happiness wherever he may be.

—E. H. C.

REUNION OF 101st TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY

Weather reminiscent of that which the 101st Trench Mortar Battery of the 26th Division had grown used to in so-called "Sunny France" greeted that organization on Sunday, September 11, the ninth anniversary of the eve of the St. Mihiel Drive, when 75 members gathered in Lewiston for their third reunion since discharge from federal service. The showers did not break up the day's program in the least. The only real downpour accommodatingly waited till the baseball team from the gun crew section had defeated the stable section 5 to 3 in a five inning game.

The morning's program consisted of a general renewing of old acquaintances and the awarding of the distance prize to WILLIS SWARTZ, of Marilla, N. Y. "Marie's Cafe," a bit of France minus its former glory (Marie and her menu of liquid refreshments) was located in one end of the spacious barn. There the boys, recalling to mind incidents in the battery's part in the world war, told stories which demonstrated clearly that the war had not only its drab, but also its funny side.

It was noticeable that those who were experts at kitchen police work spent most of their time down in the field back of the house and barns watching the civilian delegation which was preparing the meal. It was here that JOHN J. COUGHLIN, of Lewiston, delivered his famous lecture on Aviation, citing JOSEPH LANGELIER as his authority on several techincal matters. At the close of his talk, John denied strenuously that he and Joe were planning any world or transatlantic flights.

The boys found that for once the mess sergeant had enough food in the kitchen to give everyone "seconds" and a new battery record was set when each and every member reported that the limit of their capacity had been reached. Baked beans, cold boiled ham, boiled potatoes, tomatoes, corn on the cob, cheese, pickles, bread and butter, coffee, pies, cake, cookies and doughnuts, most of them home cooked, were on the menu and plenty of each was on hand.

With the meal out of the way, the gathering was called to order for a business meeting by Commander NORMAN S. THOMAS and the nominating committee brought in the following slate of officers for the coming year: Commander, WILLIAM BRENNAN, of Lewiston; Vice-commander, GEORGE STOWELL, of Dixfield; Secretary, CARL BARTLETT, of Auburn; Treasurer, HANZEN "ZACK" TAYLOR, of Anson. The election was unanimous.

Commander Brennan addressed the organization on the Yankee Division Memorial in France and pledges were passed out.

JAMES A. WALSH, formerly of Lewiston, now in Boston, who was the captain of the 101st T. M. B. during the closing days of the war, received a royal salutation when he rose to express his appreciation at the fact that the 101st T. M. B. Association was to be a live organization. He told the boys about the Yankee Division Memorial fund which

is to be used to rebuild a church in Belleau which was destroyed during the war, and in closing, promised to come to Maine next year for the next reunion.

The business adjourned after the selection of Dixfield, Me., as the site of the 1928 field day. The members will meet in Lewiston the night before and will go to Dixfield the morning of the reunion.

103rd INFANTRY

As far as we can learn, the following members of the 103d embarked with the 2d A. E. F. for Sunny France: Col. JOHN TOWNE, Col. GREENLAW, JAMES BOYLE (Ambulance Co.), ENA CARRIER (Hdq. Co.), ERROL CHASE (Supply Co.), CYRIL A. CYR, Com. AUBREY DRAKE (Supply Co.), WALTER LESSARD. They were all accompanied by their wives.

The members of the 103d will be pleased to hear that the present 103d Inf. M. N. G. is "carrying on" in a very creditable manner as can be seen in the report of Major D. G. C. GARRISON, U. S. A.

The following was clipped from the *Lewiston Journal:*

> The rating of the 103d Infantry, Maine's prize National Guard outfit, Major D. G. C. GARRISON, U. S. A., at the summer camp is the highest ever given a regiment of National Guard in peace times, at least, within the memory of the present Adjutant General's office. General James W. Hanson declared in transmitting the report to Col. Harry M. Bigelow of Portland, commanding officer.

Among the present officers who served in the old 103d are: Lieut.-Col. SPAULDING-BISBEE, Capts. HARRY L. TWITCHELL, FRANK B. SPRAGUE, ERNEST A. PERROW, 2d Lt. VERNON L. WHITE, FRED ARSENAULT, HENRY LEFEBRE, EARL COOPER, DAN SMART. There are also other officers and enlisted men (former 103d) whose names were not on the list, who have taken an active part in the work and organization of the regiment.

C. GORDON BROWNVILLE, for the past four years assistant registrar of probate of Norfolk County (Mass.), tendered his resignation from office late this afternoon. "BROWNIE" as he was generally called served with the Medical Detachment and was awarded a "D. S. C." for his work in the Marcheville Raid.

Please send all news items direct to the Y. D. V. A. or to E. K. HALE, Lisbon Falls, Me. —E. K. H.

COMPANY A, 102d MACHINE GUN BN.

The annual battalion reunion held at Rutland, Vermont, is now a has-been. In the future it will be better to give sufficient advance notice so that the date may be reserved. SLOPPSY (RAYMOND J.) COCKLIN, who recently came to Boston to buy up Essex Street's output of neckties for his (own) haberdashery, said that everyone had a great time. Many first appearances, etc. The small attendance of Boston "A" men was noticeable but JOHN R. SANBORN, EDWARD J. NEWBY and CARL REED were there.

The other standbys had conflicting dates, that worn-out vacation feeling, or sickness at home.

In September 1928, the Tenth Anniversary of the battle of Marcheville, the ruse at the beginning of the Meuse-Argonne offensive will be celebrated in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Company A, suffering casualties of all its officers and thirty percent of its attacking personnel, besides being the only machine gunners to enter Marcheville, have every reason for celebrating.

That memorable September 26th. When you buy next year's straw hat, paste a reminder of the reunion in the crown!

Our Supply Sergeant for the duration, JOSEPH M. COLOMB has moved his large family from Rutland to Syracuse, New York.

Rumor is about that the Rutland Chief of Police was looking for HARRY RODD, but Harry planned a Craftsmen Club outing at Egypt (Mass.) which prevented him from greeting the chief (preferably) when off duty.

BAT (FRANK N.) NELSON appeared without his partner, CHICK (AUSTIN M.) HARNEY, and DUDLEY LEAVITT went A. W. O. L. from his bride of a year to participate.

THOMAS R. COVEY, better known as "Pop", and one-time Mess Sergeant in the late fracas, was unable to reunionize (not copyrighted) as his family were preparing to leave for California for the winter. He's a "Man about town" from now on.

And the list of excuses could be continued as consolation to MUGGSY DOOLAN, Chairman, but we suggest they be presented in person—Wednesdays at noon, Boston Chamber of Commerce. —A. C. H.

A. P. O. 709

LEON F. DENIS (Supply Co., 104th Inf.) assisted in arranging and presenting a two act comedy recently for the entertainment of the patients and personnel of the William Beaumont General Hospital at El Paso, Texas.

THOMAS "KLOBY" CORCORAN (C Batt., 102d F. A.) remembered by fight fans of the YD and elsewhere, is now a prosperous real estate man of the town of Dennis, down on Cape Cod.

GENERAL EDWARDS has accepted the invitation of the Rutland (Vt.) Post of the American Legion to address the members and their friends on Armistice Day.

JAKE KING (E Co., 101st Engrs.) who has had his share of hard luck since the guerre, is once more in the hospital, this time at Chelsea Naval. He would like to see some of the boys.

Mr. WARREN C KING, of Portland, Maine, an Honorary Member of the Yankee Division Veterans Association and the YD Club of Portland, has mailed to YANKEE DOINGS an account of the Memorial Services held in Portland on September 21, by the Frothingham Post, V. F. W., in honor of their departed comrades. The ceremony was conducted strictly according to ritual, and many of those participating were YD men.

JOSEPH "BUCK" O'BRIEN (A Co., 103d M. G. Bn.) writes from New York, in part as follows: "I saw a taxi near the Hudson tubes the other day with a big YD sign on it. It

was a Buick, owned and operated by a man from Worcester who served with the 104th Infantry. If I can sneak from New York, I will gladly take in one of your smokers at the Club, and will entertain with monologues and recitations, free of charge, of course. Anything I can do to help the Club I'll do."

ERNEST E. FAIRBANKS (A Co., 101st M. P.) writes from Denver, Colorado: "I am married again, this time to a Colorado girl and for the rest of my life. Broke but happy, just like some of the old YD days."

REUNION OF 102D MACHINE GUN

The semi-annual reunion of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion was held on September 24, at Rutland, Vermont. About 60 veterans of the battalion were present. The day was given over to field sports, the most important feature being a soccer game between the officers and the enlisted men, which was won by the former to the tune of 1 to 0.

Luncheon was served in the home of the Rutland Post, American Legion, by the mothers of Rutland men who had served in the 102d.

At the big get-together dinner in the evening, the principal speakers were: Major JOHN R. SANBORN and Colonel CHARLES C. STANCHFIELD. Mayor Arthur W. Perkins, of Rutland and the Reverend Edward C. Boynton, Chaplain of Reserve Officers, also delivered addresses.

CONGRATULATIONS

Major GEORGE ALANSON PARKER (101st F. A. and 102d F. A.) was married on September 1, to Miss Anne Bradford Holden, of New Bedford. Major Parker is prohibition commissioner for New England.

The marriage of Captain MINTON M. WARREN (101st Engineers) to Miss Sarah R. Robbins, of Boston, took place at King's Chapel, Boston on September 17. Captain WARREN was Topographical Officer on the Staff of the Engineers.

On Labor Day, September 5, GEORGE COTTER (E Co., 101st Supply Train) took as a bride, Miss Mary Rogan, of Cambridge. Mr. Cotter is manager for Dennis O'Neil & Sons, Contractors.

JOSEPH J. LALLY (104th Amb. Co) was married on the 30th of July, to Miss Catherine Jordan.

ALFRED V. DAY (F Company, 101st Engineers) was married on August 4, to Miss Gladys Buker.

Although it may not be recent news, we are able to report that BILL WALKER (F Co. 101st Engineers) now is the dad of three youngsters, and HAROLD "GEORGE" BARCLAY, out of the same squad, in the same company, has two to his credit.

Major JAMES T. DUANE (101st Inf.) who once told the men of his battalion, "I'm single, and what's more, I don't intend ever to be otherwise," was married to Miss Margaret Viola Walsh, on Columbus Day, October 12..

The Rev. MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR, Chaplain of the 101st Infantry, officiated. Major DUANE was the first Massachusetts Department Commander of the American Legion. And thus they fall.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. BILL BROWN on October 3. Bill was in the Signal Battalion.

TOM SULLIVAN (Supply Co., 101st Inf.) has made a big gain in the race for the biggest YD family. Twins arrived at the home of Tom and Mrs. Sullivan, on October 3. Both were boys. This makes three in all for Tom.

A daughter, Estelle, was born on September 28, to Mr. and Mrs. ALBERT A. LABRECQUE. AL served in Headquarters Co., 101st F. A., and is now living at 85 Rindge Ave., North Cambridge.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

DOINGS OF D

GEORGE CURTIS is planning a trip to France this November. This will make his second trip since the war.

JOSEPH YOULDEN and GEORGE ST. LAURENCE both spent their vacations near Ocean Bluff, where "PEANUT" LYMAN runs a store during the summer.

Besides the other members of D Company, who went over with the Legion, was our former Captain, CARROLL SWAN.

OSCAR BOHLIN has been spending the summer in work connected with auto brake testing for the A. A. A.

GEORGE F. KENNEDY was in town recently, but was suffering from a typhoid shot he had just taken. It brought back to the writer memories of 1917 and the perfectly good breakfast he lost one morning.

GEORGE MCLEAN, who is running a paper and tobacco store in Rumford Falls, Maine, called on quite a number of the boys around Boston, when he was in the city in September.

On September 11th, Somerville dedicated a playground in memory of WALTER E. SHAW. The exercises were conducted by the Dilboy Post of the American Legion, assisted by the G. A. R., Salvation Army, and state officials. OSCAR BOHLIN represented D Company and his speech was a wonderful tribute to our old Comrade. The other speakers were the Mayor, Representative Daggett and Senator Underhill. We know all the old Company rejoice in this memento to "Broxie." —E. F. W.

CAPERS OF C

None other than our old friend LOUIE YENNACO made his appearance at the Club recently, where he spent part of a pleasant night.

Several of the boys have put in for the Verdun Medal, which the city has offered for service in that area.

Now is the right time to talk up to the fellows about the company reunion next January, which is bound to be the best yet. Chalk it down, now.

What a surprise the Club had when ROY MAYBERRY came in for a visit lately. Roy stopped at a popular hotel here. A good evening was had and two good ball games were seen, so he went home happy and promises to be here soon again.

"HIGH EX" SMITH took up a scent recently, which takes him south again on the perfume line. Harry was once a (Pink) but now it is a different scent.

BILL BARBER and ED RIBERO dropped into the club to say hello, besides taking along a copy each of the rare YD Pictorial Histories. Bill looks very good and sees PEIRCE quite often in Philly. RIBBY also looks good and is working hard at his place in Franklin, Mass., where he is enjoying life with the family.

NORMAN CARTER and PETE MCGARVEY will have some good news of their trip to France as soon as we can collect from them. It should be interesting and many of the fellows are looking forward to it. This takes in trips to Algeria, Rome, Naples, Czecho-Slovakia, Switzerland and then to Paris and northern France.

The last smoker saw the following glad faces at the club: YENNACO, LAWRENCE, PRICE, ZOLLINGER, SWART, MOBERG, MAL SMITH, BEATTIE, HEALD, LYNDELL, MCMAHON and JOCK RILEY. A good time was had by all. You had better come along next time.

STEVE LYNCH stopped in front of the Club the other day and after hearing of those who show up at the smokers, threatens to make an appearance next time, since he would like to see all.

SID WHITTAKER, after selling a quantity of insurance for the fiscal year, has been taking things easy on vacation at Jaffrey, N. H.

A letter from ERNIE STORER tells us he is in his busy season now getting ready samples of wooden toys for the Xmas trade. Ernie is getting very efficient in this line and we hope all comes good to him.

Congratulations to FRANCIS FLEISCHNER, who on October 5th was married to Miss Mabel Dunn, of Cambridge.

—C. W. Z.

FANCIES OF F

We knew it! Just as we were sitting here hammering the keys came an invitation for seconds at the home of DARRAGH HIGGINS and Co. See last month's DOINGS.

Now it can be told. AL DAY'S marriage was no false alarm, this time. Let's be real decorous about it. On August 4, MR. ALFRED V. DAY was united in marriage to Miss Gladys Buker.

Sad news from old LEW FLANDERS. The condition of his leg, with which he has been laid up so long, eventually necessitated amputation. All F Company unites in hoping that this marks an end of his pain and suffering.

The sixth squad of F Company as it was organized at the time of its departure for France celebrated the tenth anniversary of that memorable occasion with a dinner on September 24 at the Hotel Statler, which proved such a monumental festivity that it has been described elsewhere in these pages. This was the squad which was detained three weeks in Southampton in quarantine. Seven of the eight men attended the dinner, CHARLIE BURNELL, who lives in Maine, finding it impossible to come down. Those present were: CHARLIE DAVIS, AL DAY, DICK JOHNSON, BILL WALKER, GEORGE BARCLAY, DOUG MACPHERSON and PHIL SANBORN.

BOB MILLAR, who was not a member of the squad at that time, but was later, also attended, making a party of eight.

PAUL EMERSON reports the birth of a boy in his family, during the past summer.

JOHN MILLER, EDDIE ROSS, and CHET BAILEY were some of the faces not seen for some time, who put in their appearance at the September smoker at the Club.

We hope PHIL PALMSTROM doesn't accuse us of casting reflections on the size of his kitchen, his family or anything else. Last month we wrote: "We may in time be able to subsist on the largess of F Company family kitchens, and repay in sweet thoughts and kinds words." The typographer, in his or her infinite wisdom, saw fit to change the eighth word to "largest" which wasn't in the least what we had in mind.

Probably all of you saw in the daily papers the account of REDFIELD'S finding the body of BOB WATT. We cabled Red for the complete story, but up to date we have not heard from him. Elsewhere in this number is an account of the happening, which is the best we can do until Red returns, which will be just too late for this issue.

Met ERNIE SMITH out in Canton, the other day. He is working for the Massachusetts Highway Department. When we saw him, the thermometer was about 90, Ernie was winding up a tape line and to put it mildly, perspiring slightly.

F Company extends its sympathy to CHET BAILEY, who recently lost his father.

EARL CURTIS, ably assisted by MR. RALPH TAYLOR, recently gave a very enjoyable dinner party, at which a number of Arlington and Dorchester friends were entertained with singing and dancing.

—P. N. S.

TAPS

MARTIN MULKERN, formerly of the 102d Ambulance Co., was buried from his home, 80 Eighth Street, South Boston, on Wednesday, September 28.

Through the distribution of the YD Overseas Memorial brochures, we have learned of the death of THOMAS J. WELLS, of Salem, Mass., and DAVID K. STRONG, of Willimantic, Conn.

Major HARRY C. MARTIN, formerly surgeon with the 104th and the 101st Infantry, died in Springfield, Mass., during September.

Lieutenant Colonel WILLIAM J. KELLEY, formerly Regimental Supply Sergeant of the 101st Ammunition Train, died in Washington, D. C., on September 20. Colonel Kelley reorganized A Company, Vermont National Guard, located in Rutland, after the war, and commanded it for two years. He has recently been in Washington as one of the six National Guard officers assigned to the military bureau. The funeral services were held at the Chapel, Fort Meyer, Va., on September 22, and interment was in Arlington National Cemetery. Colonel KELLEY was an active member of the YD Club of Washington, which organization conducted the services. A large group of YD men turned out to pay their comrade last honors.

Other YD men, whose deaths have been disclosed by the return of Overseas Memorial mail, are: SAMUEL F. DAVIS, CALVIN CARTER, FRANK W. SIMONDS (Hdqtrs. Co., 101st Inf.) who died from an operation at Columbus, Ohio, on December 22, 1926, and WILLIAM HERRMANN, who died on September 13, 1926.

'SCUZE ME, KIPLING

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
I've flirted and flapped in my time,
I've had my pickin' of jellies,
And four of the lot were prime.
One was a cowboy from Liggetts,
An athlete from Harvard was one,
One was a baby from high school,
And one had a rating with Dun.

Now men at their best and men at their worst
Are the sweetest things that I know.
They're as welcome a sight when they hold you real tight,
As they are when they're bashful and slow.
There are things that you find from the greased lightnin' kind
That help you in winning the mild,
And things you can get from the best teacher's pet
That help you in taming the wild.

I was an innocent flapper,
He, a jelly who hung 'round the track,
With a yellow slicker over his oxford bags,
And patent leather hair, Stacombed back.
He called me "Sweet Mama" and rode me around,
In a Cadillac roadster we'd be,
But he parked it one night, and I put up a fight,
And he learned about women from me.

Then I went to the prom at Dartmouth,
On the bid of a keen Kappa Sig.
But developed a crush on a S. A. E. rush,
A football man, husky and big.
He didn't try any rough or caveman stuff,
A kind of a brother was he,
And I liked him all right, 'cause he treated me white,
But he learned about women from me.

I had given him time to get out of my mind,
(You know how we girls do forget),
When I met a school boy at a rather wild dance,
That was staged by the younger set.
How he fell for my line was simply a crime,
So adorably simple was he,
That I couldn't be mean, the kid was so green,
So he learned about women from me.

With a cute, baby smile, I vamped for a while,
On a man of financial ease,
But you see he was bald, and money ain't all,
When you get them so old and obese,
So I dragged him about 'till he died of the gout
(A regular old roue was he),
And after he'd died, he had nought to divide,
For he'd learned about women from me.

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
Now I guess I must pay for my fun,
For the more that you go with the many,
The less you can settle to one.
So I keep on a-flapping and flirting,
Fools are born every minute, you see,
And if I can stay thin, I'll always have men
To learn about women from me

SO SORRY!

A near-sighted old lady at a dinner party had for companion on her left a very bald-headed old gentleman. While talking to the guest on her right she dropped her serviette.

The bald-headed guest, in stooping to pick it up, touched her arm. The old lady turned round, shook her head, and said, very politely: "No melon, thank you."

WHAT DO I GET FOR MY MONEY?

Some of the Speakers the Club Has Had:

General F. F. G. Passaga
Rear Adm. Philip Andrews
Lieut. Albert Hegenberger
Lt.-Col. Girard L. McEntee
Com. Sanford Bates
Father Duffy
Hon. James Gallivan
Hon. A. Piatt Andrew
Hon. William P. Connery, Jr.
Feri Felix Weiss
Col. Charles W. Furlong

Some of the Motion Pictures the Club Has Had:

The Big Parade
Beau Geste
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse
Tell it to the Marines
Behind the Front
The Better 'Ole
Official Pictures of 26th Division
Pathe News Features

WE SHALL CONTINUE

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